# OUTLOOK
## and Independent

VOL. 159—No. 3

SEPTEMBER 16, 1931


**"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."**
*—Theodore Roosevelt*

## WITH OUR READERS

### *"Unfair, Incorrect and Demagogic"*

*To the Editor:* *Philadelphia*

SIR—On page 9 of your latest number, you quote a letter from Professor Millikan, in which he calls you "unfair, incorrect, and demagogic." In spite of your reply, I thoroughly agree with Prof. Millikan, especially as to the word, "unfair," and I have thought this way for some time past.

While you are bitter in your denunciations of Mr. Hoover and his administration, I rarely, if ever, read anything constructive in your articles. I have subscribed to the OUTLOOK for many years, and when I am through with it, I mail it to a friend in Virginia, who likes to have it, he often tells me, so you can see I am not altogether antagonistic to the OUTLOOK. But I really think the name, INDEPENDENT, is a misnomer. Why not be frank and change it to Democrat?

WM. P. MORRIS.

### *Truth and Facts*

*To the Editor:* *Bronx, N. Y.*

SIR—Although a subscriber to the OUTLOOK for several years, your editorial of September 2 prompts me to write this letter.

It seems surprising to me to learn that a prominent scientist like Professor Millikan, who seeks truth and facts, should criticize a magazine which so openly lays the unbiased facts before its readers. I have always admired your magazine because of its outspoken truths no matter whose feelings were hurt. People do not care to read magazines advocating fabulous stories or pleasing higher ups. We want the truth and facts whether they involve the President or anyone else. Let them be shamed thereby into doing what's right. Don't hide behind a fence of shame. An ancient writer once remarked, "Truth belongs to man and error to age," so be a man and give your readers facts and truth as in the past.

JACK SAKS.

### *Beer and Business*

*To the Editor:* *San Francisco*

SIR—Referring to your editorial, page 489 of the August 19 OUTLOOK, under the caption, "Let's Legalize Beer," how comes it that beer in England has not prevented the dole?

If you will analyze the statistical abstract of the United States census in the heyday of legalized beer and other intoxicating beverages prior to the war, you will find that the legalized liquor business made most uneconomical use of money, the number of employees per million dollars invested being far less in the liquor business than in any line of industry of any consequence in the country. There were less than 100,000 persons employed in the production of intoxicating beverages.

Legalized liquor in England, for example, has not prevented depression there, and prohibition during the decade following the war did not prevent unprecedented national and individual prosperity in the United States. You will have to find something other than beer to relieve the present situation.

The wets are making a tremendous effort to capitalize the distress of the country in favor of booze, not hesitating to disparage the plans of the President and playing, generally, the role of knockers and pessimists.

The people will have to carry the burden and the most economical way to do it is to carry it directly, on a community basis, thereby keeping the cost to a minimum. There is no place for middlemen, especially such middlemen as booze.

The OUTLOOK knows very well that what is wanted by the wets is intoxicating liquor—liquor prohibited by the Constitution.

The OUTLOOK knows that the National Prohibition Act, known as the Volstead Law, does not use the phrase, "not intoxicating in fact."

The OUTLOOK knows that under the Constitution and its servant, the National Prohibition Act, no intoxicating liquor for beverage purposes can be made anywhere in the United States.

The OUTLOOK knows that it is utterly impossible to amend the Constitution of the United States so as to permit any modification of existing laws which would give the wets what they want—intoxicating beverages—within any time that would give any relief to the existing situation.

The OUTLOOK knows that there is no hope for any relief under the caption, "Let's Legalize Beer."

J. L. CAMPBELL.

### *Farewell to Prohibition*

*To the Editor:* *Charlottesville, Va.*

SIR—In your edition of August 26th, "Why I Favor Repeal," by Henry F. Pringle, giving views and expressions of Samuel Matthews Vauclain, a staunch Republican and heavy contributor to the party, speaks volumes. He, like Dwight W. Morrow, regardless of political affiliation, is our highest type of citizen. They admit they voted, and possibly contributed of their means favoring the Volstead Act (so did the writer) all in good faith and for what they thought best for the nation, but it has not only failed in its purpose but proven to be the greatest curse and menace to civilization. It has made thieves, liars and racketeers of our once better class of citizens, and law is held in disrepute by its framers. It can no more be enforced than the ten commandments or any other arbitrary laws. It is due to be repealed and the sooner the better.

A. W. CARTER.

### *Brunettes Preferred*

*To the Editor:* *Homestead, Ia.*

SIR—There is one statement in the article, "Crossing the Color Line," by Mr. Caleb Johnson that the majority of Negroes will resent. A scientist need not be employed to discover the fact that Afro-American women prefer lighter men and the Negro males look with favor on the darker ladies of the race is untrue. The husbands of ninety per cent of the Negro women in this country are much darker than they are. It would be unusual if the opposite were true, or we find that the heroes of most women are dark, so why should Negro women be so different? To err on such a simple fact as this makes most Negroes feel that the author was not as scientific in his study as he pretended to be.

JAMES E. JOHNSON.

### *Explaining the Joke*

*To the Editor:* *Berea, Ky.*

SIR—One of the most amusing things to a person with a sense of humor is the reaction of one who is destitute of it when confronted with something which is intended only for those who have this saving sense. This remark (not intended to be classified as remarkable) is called forth by the comments of Disgusted Subscriber in the OUTLOOK of August 5 and of Adrien Herzog in the issue of August 19 on the OUTLOOK'S "Remarkable Remarks." One of the conditions of the Remarkable Remarks Contest is that each Remark be accompanied by a sentence explaining why it is considered remarkable. I suggest that you publish these explanations for the benefit of those of your subscribers who cannot see a point until it is pointed out to them. There are some people who cannot see a joke until it is explained to them. I wonder if they get any fun out of it even then.

APPRECIATIVE SUBSCRIBER.

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## Next Week

**Roosevelt: A Biography**
**II—Roosevelt as a Ranchman**
*By Henry F. Pringle*

Roosevelt fled to the Bad Lands to try to forget the tragic death of Alice Lee—and here he led an active, sometimes almost turbulent, life. With one blow Harvard's contestant for lightweight honors knocked out a tormentor. There were rumors, never verified, that he and the Marquis de Mores nearly carried differences to the duelling ground. But politics kept calling—and finally he returned to the game he could never leave.

**"Grapes of Gall"**
**California's Gift to Prohibition**
*By Ray T. Tucker*

Says the Bible: "Their grapes are grapes of gall. Their wine is the poison of dragons." California grape concentrates are just that kind of embarrassment to the Drys and the Republican party—and this article tells why, in vivid style.

**Fog About Jobs**
**How Politics Muddles the Unemployment Problem**
*By Frederick R. Barkley*

The Hoover Administration refused to accept the Wagner bills, although Mr. Hoover in years past had favored many features embodied in them. Result: inaction, delay and finally the calling of Mr. Gifford as a great organizer to make a belated start at relief.


THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, September 16, 1931. Volume 159. Number 3. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Ed.-Pub. Pres. Francis Rufus Bellamy; Vice-Pres. Marshall Kernochan, Harrison B. Freeman; Treas. Rodman Gilder; Sec'y William T. Adee. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union $6.56. Entered as second-class matter July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.


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*"THE ROAD BACK"*

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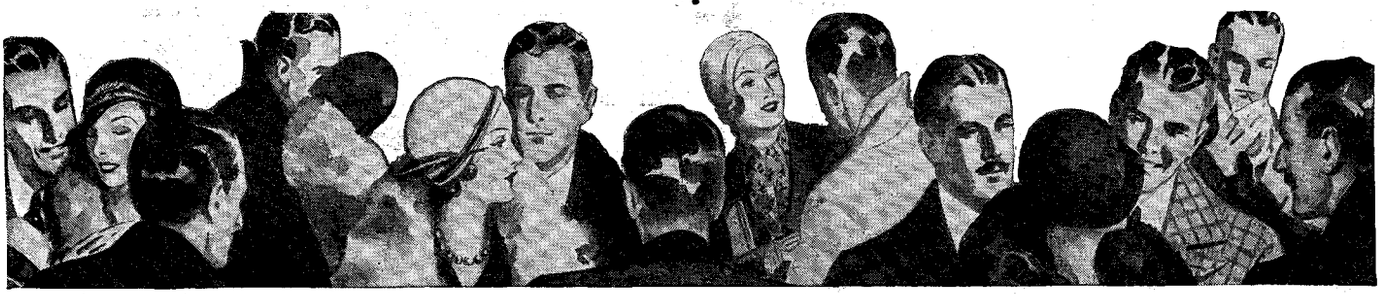

# Trend of the Week

## Mr. Hoover's Chance

LORD help us if President Hoover is not prepared for a knock-down fight with the greedy element among our war veterans. Only he can save us from their contemplated raid on the impoverished Federal Treasury. What these veterans want now is what they really wanted last spring, when Congress permitted them to borrow fifty per cent of the maturity value of their bonus certificates. They want their certificates cashed in full, at a cost of $2,400,000,000. The Veterans of Foreign Wars made this clear at their convention in Kansas City. We shall soon see whether the American Legion will take a similar attitude at its convention in Detroit.

The average veteran's bonus certificate, issued in 1925, will be worth $1,000 when it matures in 1945. It isn't worth $1,000 now; its present value is nearer $500. Nevertheless certain veterans are about to demand that the government pay each of them $1,000 in cash at once. And, unless Mr. Hoover blocks them, they may get it, for Congressmen are fearful of being knifed on election day and therefore give the veterans whatever they want. It will be vain for Mr. Hoover to wait until Congress passes a bill cashing the bonus and then veto it, only to have it passed over his veto. If he wants to win this fight he must go before the country resolved to create so much public sentiment against any measure cashing the bonus that Congress will be afraid to approve it. He can do it if he will. But will he?

## Remember?

HOW, IN MAY, 1929, President Culver of the National Association of Real Estate Boards told an audience of real estate dealers to "get ready for one of the greatest waves of prosperity that this country has ever known."

And on October 21, 1929, Professor Irving Fisher, Yale economist, declared: "I believe that we will have a ragged market for a few weeks and that then we shall see the beginning of a mild bull market that will gain momentum next year."

And on October 9, 1930, Senator Davis of Pennsylvania, then Secretary of Labor, said: "I am one who believes that we will soon emerge from this period of depression and enter upon a new and lasting period of prosperity, surpassing perhaps all former periods of prosperity in the history of our country."

And on October 10, 1930, Chairman Fess of the Republican National Committee predicted that, "with basic elements of American production on a sound foundation, our complete recovery should not be long delayed."

And in April, 1931, Roger W. Babson, economist, declared: "If statistics tell anything, they show that business has turned the corner."

Remember?

*(To be continued)*

## At Cleveland

THE STRIKING THING about the Cleveland air races was not so much the racing as the parachute jumping. When

Lieutenants Brice and Sanderson collided at full speed in their Marine Corps planes, both escaped with their lives by stepping out with their parachutes. Fortunately, the residents of the neighborhood also escaped, though one of the abandoned planes cut through the roof of a school building as it hurtled into a school yard where children were playing and the other fell but two hundred yards away. Two days later Lieutenant Olds discovered that his Army plane was vibrating to pieces and, taking off in his parachute, landed safely off the shore of Lake Erie. His plane crashed into the residential section. A St. Louis flier, Walter Hunter, jumped from his burning plane a few seconds before it fell outside the air field. As it happened, none of the falling planes injured any one. Nevertheless, many Cleveland citizens must have breathed sighs of relief when the air races ended. Living near the Cleveland field must have been a good deal like living in London during the German air raids.

## Hard Times in Hollywood

WE HAVE HEARD a great deal lately of how drastically Hollywood is deflating its production costs. Possibly it is deflating them somewhat, but obviously it is not deflating them enough.

A few days ago independent motion picture exhibitors representing thousands of theatres gathered in New York to protest against the high rentals they are obliged to pay for films. The motion picture industry, a manifesto adopted at the meeting declared, is grappling with the most serious crisis in the thirty years of its existence, and the blame rests squarely with Hollywood—with its poor pictures, crazy competition for stars and its riot of extravagance and waste.

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As if to lend point to this protest, a day after the meeting of the independent exhibitors an Associated Press dispatch

International

*IN THE ROLE OF SKIPPY*
*Jackie Cooper, $1300-a-week juvenile film star*

from Los Angeles declared that Mrs. Mabel Leonard Cooper, mother of the juvenile film star, Jackie Cooper—known for his work in the title rôle of the motion picture *Skippy*—was seeking permission from the courts to spend $1,600 monthly for the support of her son. The boy, she said, had a contract providing for a weekly salary of $1,300 during the first year and as much as $4,000 during the third year. In other words, despite the depression, despite the most serious crisis in its history, Hollywood is calmly proposing to pay this boy actor somewhere between $65,000 and $200,000 a year. It simply doesn't make sense.

## ▸▸*Prediction and Outcome*

IN OUR ISSUE of August 19 we ventured to make a prediction. We pointed out that Representative Lamneck of Ohio had just asked President Hoover the following question: "Would you as President of the United States sign a bill legalizing the manufacture and sale of light wines and beer if such a measure were to be enacted by Congress?" We dismissed as incredible the recurrent rumor that President Hoover was about to declare for light wines and beer, but added that, if there were anything in it, he would answer Representative Lamneck's question with a simple "Yes." It was our opinion that he would not do so, for the reason that the drys, through the Methodist Board of Prohibition, Temperance and Public Morals, have warned him that they will bolt him on election day if he becomes either wet or moist. We therefore predicted that he would do one of three things: Answer Representative Lamneck in the negative, answer evasively or refuse to answer at all.

As it turns out, he has refused to answer at all. Though he still seeks to string the wets along with an occasional hint that he has an open mind on modification, the plain fact is that he hasn't. As his refusal to answer Representative Lamneck's letter indicates, to all intents and purposes the White House has cast its lot with the extreme drys. The sooner the wets—particularly Republican wets—who believe either in the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment or the modification of the Volstead act come to realize that there is no hope for them in this quarter, the better off they'll be.

## ▸▸*Modification and Prospects*

THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE for Modification of the Volstead Act, the militant wet organization sponsored by the American Federation of Labor, predicts that the act will be modified before next Labor Day. "Modification this winter is our object," it declares. "Modification is possible if we rally our full strength and march forward with the vigor of which we are capable . . . . We have the strength, in coöperation with the great numbers friendly to our cause, to overthrow Volsteadism through modification this winter."

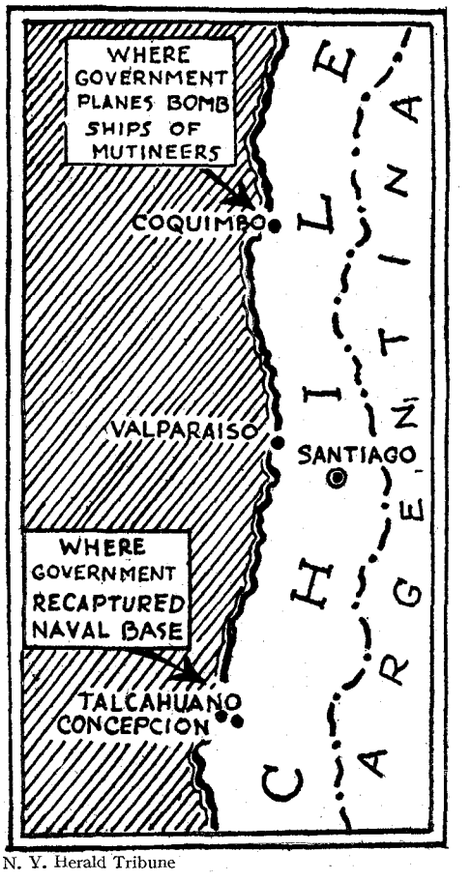
Maybe so. Certainly we hope so. But the cold facts are that modification can be brought about only by Congress, and that most members of the Congress which will be in session during the latter part of this year and the early part of next will be preoccupied with the November, 1932, elections and loath to commit themselves this winter on any subject which promises to be a controversial issue in those elections. It is conceivable that the American Federation of Labor and other sympathetic organizations can force the next session of Congress to modify the Volstead act, but the odds are all against it. What is more likely is that, if these organizations exert themselves to the utmost, they can force a roll-call vote on modification in both House and Senate, thereby proving beyond question which members are extreme drys and must be removed from office if we are to have an end to Volsteadism.

Once they have discovered the identity of the bone-dry members, the task of Federation wets, and of all other wets, will be to make good use of their knowledge in the primaries and elections of next year. They must vote for wet candidates both in their party primaries and, regardless of party, in the subsequent elections. Similarly, they must vote against every opponent of modification whenever they get the chance. If they do so, Volsteadism may still be with us on Labor Day, 1932, but it will not be with us on Labor Day, 1933.

## ▸▸*Chile's Second*

CHILE, seat of Latin-America's latest—latest at this writing—revolution, has presented the world with the oddity of a government bombing its own fleet. This and the ultimate failure of the rebels, who had turned the fleet against the government, are the distinguishing features of the Chilean affair, since most of the recent Latin-American revolts have been successful. In fact, late in July one succeeded in Chile itself. It succeeded in overthrowing the dictatorship of President Ibánez but not in establishing a satisfactory government. Before the end of August two Provisional Presidents had resigned and a third, Manuel Trucco, was under heavy fire.

The immediate cause of the recent outbreak seems to have been the reluctance of naval crews to accept a cut in




N. Y. Herald Tribune

*CHILEAN REVOLT AREAS*

pay. Directly behind this proposed reduction are the fundamental causes of unrest in Chile. They are depression and

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dictatorship. The depression played havoc with Chile's major industries, nitrates, copper and oil, while the Ibánez dictatorship skyrocketed expenditures for the army, the navy and about everything else. Unfortunately the end of the dictatorship did not signify the end of the depression. Instead it necessitated economies, since taxes could not be raised sufficiently to pay off debts incurred by the Ibánez régime. For its economies the government could not have found a more ticklish spot than the navy, the largest, save for the American and Japanese, on the Pacific Ocean. A mutiny, spreading like wildfire, threw the fleet against the government, which, however, retained the loyalty of the army, the coast guard and, luckily, the air force. In the end this triple entente proved too much for the navy.

The naval surrenders of September 6 and 7 are reported to be unconditional. Even so, they do not guarantee quiet on the western coast. The Chilean government cannot push its economy program without creating resentment nor easily eradicate the bitterness engendered by the recent bloodshed.

## ▶▶*Open Letter*

*Dear Governor Roosevelt:*

On November 7, 1930, you said: "On several occasions during the past two years I have stated unequivocally that I am giving no consideration or thought or time to anything except the duties of the Governorship. I repeat that now, and to be perfectly understood you can add that this applies to any candidacy, national or otherwise, in 1932."

On March 30, 1931, when a survey showed that you were likely to be the Democratic nominee for President, you said: "The Governor has no comment to make, but respectfully calls the attention of the editorial writers and special writers to a statement he made on November 7 last year and which he now reiterates."

Since then you have visited—and have conferred with political leaders in—the following states: Ohio, Indiana, Virginia, Massachusetts and, on September 5, Connecticut. You have had conferences with politicians from Kentucky, Illinois, Texas and we know not how many other states besides. You have also criticized the Hawley-Smoot tariff and the Hoover Administration, notably for its unemployment policy. According to news dispatches, you are now preparing to attend the American Legion convention at Detroit.

Despite your conventional statement on November 7, despite your reiteration of it on March 30, you are obviously an active candidate for the Democratic nomination for President—and, if you ask us, a good one too. Why not say so? Why act like an average politician when you aren't one? Why not abandon this traditional pose and candidly admit, first, that you intend to win the nomination if you possibly can, and, secondly, that the Governorship does not command every moment of your wakeful life?

## ▶▶*For a World Police*

THERE is no practical significance in the French proposal that, in order to put down wars of aggression, the armed

Keystone

*DEPUTY PAUL-BONCOUR*

*Who urges the creation of an international army.*

forces of every country be placed under the control and at the disposition of the League of Nations. Though it has been advanced by Joseph Paul-Boncour, an outstanding member of the French Chamber of Deputies and of the French delegation to the disarmament conference scheduled to be held in Geneva early next year, it has no chance of being seriously discussed. To understand its Utopian nature one has but to remember that the United States, for example, far from being ready to join a League of Nations army, is not even ready to join the League of Nations itself. Many other great countries regard this proposal for a world police force in similar fashion, notably Germany and Russia.

The Paul-Boncour proposal is interesting chiefly for the light it throws on French foreign policy. What that policy calls for, fundamentally, is the preservation of the status quo. Occupying a commanding military, diplomatic and economic position, France is determined to maintain the present order of things, just as other nations, not so well off, are equally determined to destroy it, while still others are walking the middle of the road. Any proposal designed to preserve the status quo—and that is the primary purpose of the Paul-Boncour plan—wins French support automatically. The Paul-Boncour suggestion is, then, but an academic expression of a very practical French aim.

## ▶▶*Victory for France*

A PRIME example of the French determination to preserve the status quo may be seen in the renunciation by Austria and Germany of their projected customs union. To be sure, the voice in this case is Austria's voice and Germany's voice, but the hands are the hands of France. French hands were able to defeat the customs union because they held the purse strings of Europe.

When Germany and Austria announced their customs union plan last March, France immediately denounced it. Here, France objected, was not merely an economic instrument to level tariff walls between Germany and Austria but one to fuse the two politically. Here was the first step toward that Central European hegemony which France has consistently opposed, since long before the war. Arguing that the customs union would violate certain post-war treaties, France persuaded Germany to submit the plan for a ruling by the World Court. That done, the French did not wait for the decision. Germany was in desperate need of credit which France could supply in return for political concessions. Austria fell into a similar position when Britain's domestic troubles cut off the supply of credit from that source. The result was an abandoned customs union—renounced two days before the World Court held that it would violate a treaty signed by Austria in 1922 in order to secure financial assistance. By a vote of eight to seven, the Court ruled that the customs union would break Austria's pledge of 1922 to abstain from any economic or financial arrangement which would compromise her freedom.

Yet the French victory is an incomplete one. The World Court decision seems to forbid the customs union only during the life of the treaty of 1922, which will expire in 1943 and perhaps before then, if Austrian finances permit. Again, the French have neither lessened

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nor removed Germany's desire for union with Austria; they have simply blocked this desire for the time being. By dint of

*BRITISH BOATMAN*
*Kaye Don, pilot of Miss England II in the Harmsworth Trophy Races at Detroit*

financial pressure, France has preserved the status quo temporarily, but the *Anschluss* idea will be heard from again.

## ▶▶*In a Class by Itself*

WHAT HAPPENED in the Harmsworth Trophy race on the Detroit River comprises a spectacular story. On the first day Kaye Don drove Lord Wakefield's Miss England II like fury, winning the 30-mile race, traveling more than 92 miles an hour for four of the six laps, mounting to 110 miles an hour on the straightaway, breaking two highly regarded records. On the second day, when to win one more race was to win the 28-year-old trophy, to carry it back to Britain whence Gar Wood brought it in 1920, the Englishman was too anxious, too fearful lest Wood get away at the start. Thus, with Wood beating the cannon by nine seconds, he himself beat it by seven and, taking the wash of Miss America IX, overturned and sank.

Both Miss England II and Miss America were disqualified for crossing the line more than five seconds ahead of the starting signal. Hence, though Gar Wood's brother George won the second race, the judges ruled that "no match resulted." In more ways than one they were right. "No match resulted" either on the first day or the second. Kaye Don's boat was in a class by itself.

## ▶▶*Reconciliation in Italy*

HAVING announced that their respective systems could not be reconciled, Mussolini and the Pope have reconciled them. It will be recalled that their latest dispute centered around the 15,000 church clubs known collectively as Catholic Action. In the latter part of May a Fascist newspaper charged that the clubs were seeking to extend their activity into politics, contrary to the treaty of 1929. Though the accusation was denied, the clubs were closed down on Mussolini's order. Now they are reopened, under conditions designed to prevent them from becoming a political force.

But the dispute between Mussolini and the Pope soon came to involve a more fundamental question than whether or not these clubs would be reopened. It came to involve the question whether Fascism and Catholicism could exist side by side in the same country. Plainly they could not if both Mussolini and the Pope meant what they said. But, quite as plainly, both Mussolini and the Pope have backed down. In the heat of controversy, both said things they now prefer to forget. Thus, in his encyclical of July 4, Pope Pius declared that Fascism amounted to "pagan worship of the state" and was "not reconcilable for a Catholic with Catholic doctrine." It is simply impossible to square this utterance with the working agreement which has just been reached between the Vatican and the Quirinal. It is similarly impossible to square this agreement with Mussolini's statement of July 9 that membership in the Fascist party was incompatible with membership in Catholic Action.

With both the Fascists and the Catholics convinced that they have more to lose than to gain by an open break, they will make another attempt to struggle along together somehow. Temporarily they may succeed, but the best opinion seems to be that, mutually hostile as they have been and remain, they will eventually find themselves embroiled in another controversy.

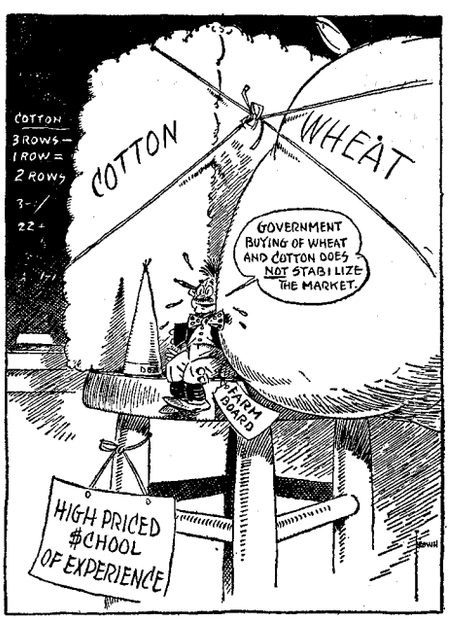
## ▶▶*Note for Taxpayers*

FOR months Americans have been asking two questions about the Federal Farm Board: First, how is it going to dispose of its gigantic wheat holdings; secondly, how much money is it going to lose in doing so? As yet neither question has been answered in full, though there is some indication of the possible losses in the news that the Board has sold 15,000,000 bushels of wheat to the Nanking government in China. Bought by the Farm Board at prices ranging from 80 cents to $1.20 a bushel, the wheat, it has been agreed, will be sold at the price prevailing on the day each lot is delivered at shipping points on our Pacific Coast. Since the price of wheat is now about 45 cents a bushel and shows no sign of rising, the Farm Board obviously faces a loss of from 35 to 75 cents on each bushel and a total loss of from $5,000,000 to $11,000,000.

Furthermore, the Board has had to store its wheat, bought off and on since February, 1930. With storage charges averaging about 1 3-4 cents a bushel and the storage period averaging about nine months, the losses here on 15,000,000 bushels might well be $2,000,000 more. Nor is the Nanking government paying cash for the wheat. It is giving us securities which, if it is still in existence, it will pay off—in part at any rate—in 1934, 1935 and 1936. Just how much we shall actually get from China, and just when we shall actually get it, is a question. Even if China pays to the last dollar, the Farm Board stands to lose from $7,000,000 to $13,000,000 on this transaction. If the Board goes on at this rate, by the time the last of its 200,000,000 bushels of wheat is sold it will find itself somewhere between $90,000,000 and $170,000,000 in the red. Which is a blasting thought for the struggling taxpayer.

## ▶▶*Wagner on the Dole*

IN VIEW of the valiant and well-known work that Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York has done for the jobless during the past two years, it is interesting




N. Y. Herald Tribune

*HE'S LEARNED HIS LESSON*

to hear what he has to say regarding the widespread idea that the federal government has no deep obligation to aid directly

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in the relief of unemployment. In his Labor Day address at Syracuse, Senator Wagner said:

"Under the guise of opposition to the dole, the propaganda has reached far and wide that the federal government is exempt from service in this national emergency; that for the federal government it suffices if it 'coördinates' the work of others; that its function is simply to stimulate local charitable efforts. Indeed, it is becoming clearer every day that the Washington policy will be to consign those without jobs to the sorry solace of charity.

"I could perhaps persuade myself to accept so unhappy a disposition of the problem if it were accompanied by a confession by those in authority that recourse must be had to charity because no more sensible and civilized remedy had been prepared for next winter. But it is insulting to our sense of right, it is depressing and confounding, to read pronouncements of persons of high station that the way of charitable relief is the right and only way, the sound method, the American method of dealing with nation-wide unemployment.

"Words do not change facts, and, though one distinguished American may glorify the charity proposal by calling it the 'national spirit of voluntary Americanism,' it still remains what it always has been. To laud the bread-line, the soup-kitchen, the handout as American is a calumny against America. The outstretched arm and averted eye have never been and must not become an American posture.

"We are told to avoid the dole. If by the dole is meant the giving of something for nothing, then it has no more implacable foe than myself. I am in favor of giving the man out of work the chance to earn his living, not to beg it. But I am weary of the pretense which shouts opposition to the dole and in actual practice fails to make adequate provision for jobs and would limit its efforts during the coming winter to the stimulation of local and private doles."

Senator Wagner believes that a huge federal public works program would help to solve the unemployment problem this winter. We doubt it. As far as this winter is concerned, it seems to us too late now for a federal public works program. It is not, however, too late for huge programs of public works to be launched by the cities and the states, with financial assistance from the federal government. What we wish to emphasize in this place, however, is that Senator Wagner's fundamental principle that the unemployed man deserves a job and not a handout strikes us as absolutely sound.

# Remarkable Remarks

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on page 96.

Only when the wealthy classes begin to feel that the purchasing power of the poor is again normal will they themselves have the feeling of being able to spend without remorse.—Andre Maurois.

*Mrs. H. L. Love, 256 East 1st North, Provo, Utah, $5 prize.*

One of the most important features of concentrated wealth is the extent to which it enables rich men to keep up their estates as semi-public parks which everybody enjoys. —Dr. Willford I. King.

*Henry C. Suter, S. Jacksonville, Fla., $2 prize.*

Despite the severity of the crisis, wage cuts have been confined to the smaller companies or the mismanaged industries.—William Green.

*James S. Tyler, 223 Lake View Drive, Collingswood, N. J., $2 prize.*

In another generation or so these United States will be so fabulously wealthy and their wealth and income so well distributed that scarcely any one will feel it worth while just to be rich.—Carl Snyder.

*Harold W. Mosak, 3124 West 15th St., Chicago, Ill., $2 prize.*

I am beginning to get worried about the crime wave.—Heywood Broun.

*J. J. Bruehlman, Woodville, Ohio, $2 prize.*

There is no crime problem in our land today, murders, thefts, lust and lawlessness to the contrary notwithstanding.—Rt. Rev. Ernest V. Shayler.

*John P. Egan, 615 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., $2 prize.*

The African savage is more gentle and sensitive than men of civilized countries.—Malvina Hoffman.

*Jacob Dress, 75 Douglas Ave., Providence, R. I., $2 prize.*

I certainly have no illusions about my personality, or attractiveness.—Rudy Vallee.

*Mrs. Olive M. Hagar, 5540 Pershing Ave., St. Louis, Mo., $2 prize.*

My fingers ache to produce from clay works of art that will proclaim me a great sculptress.—Joan Crawford.

*Mrs. S. B. Staley, Montpelier, Idaho, $2 prize.*

Men have almost ruined my career but the urge for fame saved me.—Pola Negri.

*Mrs. S. B. Staley, Montpelier, Idaho, $2 prize.*

## ▸▸*Alfalfa Bill Again*

"Bryan, Thou Shouldst Be Living" is the title of an article in the September *Harpers* by Gerald W. Johnson. It is a captivating plea for demagogs—"if not Bryan," Mr. Johnson writes, "then Lord George Gordon or Cagliostro, or John Brown of Ossawatomie—some first-class faker who believes in his own bunk." The demagogs might be a menace, Mr. Johnson says, they might be illogical, they might be crazy, but there are not a few Americans who have decided that if the officials running the country now "are sane men, it might be well to try putting the lunatics in charge for awhile."

We don't say that there's any obvious connection but let's turn straightaway to Governor William H. Murray of Oklahoma. Forget his ancient record—truly demagogic—and his hitch-hiking campaign for election in 1930. Consider only his summer of 1931. He has used troops to open a bridge and he has used troops to close down the oil wells. At the Chicago jubilee of the American Federation of Labor he now turns upon the bankers. They should be barred from serving on the Federal Reserve Board, Alfalfa Bill contends. "I'm for making the banks lend to manufacturers and producers, so that business can go ahead." However, he has not yet suggested using troops to that end. No doubt he will in time.

## ▸▸*Heart Balm Suits*

Score one for the weak side. Here's a New York man suing a New York woman (names immaterial) for breach of promise and demanding $250,000, mainly because, he says, the lady, having promised to marry him, later refused, thereby causing him intense mental suffering. Whatever the merits of the case, one is tempted to endorse it in principle.

Hitherto such suits have been almost exclusively the prerogative of women, though, save in extraordinary cases, there is no more reason for a woman to sue a man who breaks his promise than for a man to sue a woman who breaks hers. The average breach of promise suit may be traced almost wholly to

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spite, greed and the availability of unscrupulous lawyers. The ordinary woman would refuse to bring one in an

International

*BACK FROM EUROPE*
*Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of State*

ordinary case, first, because of her desire to avoid publicity, and, secondly, because she would feel that if the affections of the lover had cooled she was well out of a bad situation. Better fickleness before marriage than after—a point which our laws permitting breach of promise suits do not recognize. At present they are instruments for clubbing men into marriages they have lost all desire to contract.

Obviously our legislatures should revise the laws so as to make the ordinary breach of promise suit impossible. Until they do, it is as fair for men as for women to avail themselves of the laws as they stand, even if they do cut somewhat comic figures. But they probably won't get anywhere. Innocent male judges and juries who award preposterous heart-balm judgments to lovely female plaintiffs may turn deaf ears to male plaintiffs demanding a bit of balm for themselves.

## ▶▶*Pollyannanias Formula*

WHAT, we wonder, do statesmen expect to gain by talking transparent nonsense? We are thinking specifically of the statement Secretary of State Stimson made in Southampton, England, at the conclusion of his European tour, and of the additional statement he issued six days later in New York. "One thing that impressed me is the growth of the spirit of good-will among the European nations," said Mr. Stimson at Southampton, "and that is why I am returning home with a spirit of hope and optimism." At New York he struck the same key. He saw good reason to believe that European statesmen "are beginning gradually to lay foundations of political good-will upon which a lasting structure of peace and economic prosperity can finally be rested."

This, of course, is poppycock. The recent report of the Wiggin committee declaring that Germany's foreign debt cannot be converted into long-term obligations until her relations with other continental powers are placed on a basis of confidence and coöperation is evidence enough that Mr. Stimson is romancing when he speaks of a growing spirit of good-will in Europe. And there is certainly no lack of additional evidence. Nevertheless, like most other diplomats, Mr. Stimson feels obliged to talk like Pollyanna when he discusses an unpleasant international situation for publication, though any one who knows enough about Europe to read his two statements must know that they are misleading. Is it because diplomats fear lest their comments make a bad situation worse that they fall into this accepted formula of ignoring obvious facts? If so, why do they talk at all? Better for them to be silent than silly.

## ▶▶*End of a Dictatorship?*

LIKE Jugoslavia itself, the difficulties back of its King's latest move are creatures of the World War. Before the war Serbia was a small nation ambitious to expand her boundaries and annex some of the unhappy subjects of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The war marked the passing not only of the defeated Empire but of victorious Serbia, which broadened out into Jugoslavia, officially the "Kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes." New problems were inherited with the new territory and new peoples —nearly nine million Croats, Slovenes and others were merged with four million Serbs. As each racial group sought political supremacy, either alone or through blocs, Jugoslavia rankled with discontented minorities and, notably, a bitter fight between the Serbs and Croats. The outcome was King Alexander's dictatorship, established early in 1929.

Now we are told that the King is abandoning his dictatorship and reviving constitutional government. He has proclaimed a new constitution providing parliamentary government similar to Great Britain's and has made ready for parliamentary elections. But only the future will tell whether he is actually ending the dictatorship or merely planning to continue his control in the dark. One can but guess at his motives. He may be attempting to strengthen himself among certain racial groups which appear to gain through the new constitution. Or his action may be motivated by France, whose influence looms large at Belgrade. At any rate, it is certain that he is neither giving something for nothing nor solving his country's problems at one stroke. Problems so intricate as Jugoslavia's do not straighten out in a day.

## ▶▶*In Brief*

PAGE MORAN AND MACK, creators of the "We found that out" story. The Federal Farm Board says it has "discovered" that continued purchases of farm products in the face of continued over-production "is not the remedy for the situation." . . . . A press dispatch from the S. S. Rajputana says that Mahatma Gandhi "romps with children, caresses babies and jokes with parents"; politicians, it would seem, being much the same the world over . . . . The Pullman cars on the Sportsman train of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway carry foot-rests which clamp to the cover over the heating pipes. So that the grave question of where a Pullman passenger can put his feet has at long last been solved . . . . Senator Tydings of Maryland declares that recent revelations before the Nye committee as to the source of Bishop Cannon's anti-Smith funds call for an explanation from leaders of the Republican party. On the contrary,

Keystone

*DICTATOR NO LONGER*
*King Alexander, who has revived constitutional government in Jugoslavia*

Senator, they call for, and will obtain, profound silence from leaders of the Republican party.

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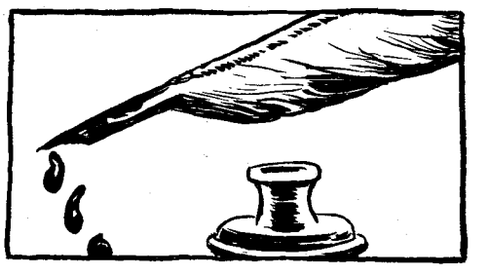
# Let Us Have Action



MR. CASPAR MILQUETOAST, well-known Timid Soul, must have been considerably agitated as he read the Labor Day speeches. Said "Alfalfa" Bill Murray: "Unless the political structure is altered in the next few years, unemployment will increase to 15,000,000 and bring revolution in its wake." Said Clarence Darrow: "If the coming winter is one of extreme cold, the nation will suffer the most widespread wave of crime in its history." Said Senator Borah: "If the rich of the country do not feed the unemployed during the coming winter, voluntarily, they will nevertheless do it." Said John Dewey's League for Political Action: "Hundreds of men and women are taking their lives every month in America because they will not face the little families they cannot feed." Said William Green: "An economic system which does not make it possible for those who make up and constitute the consuming market of the nation to buy and use the goods which industry manufactures and produces is based on false premises and must fail." Warned Mr. Lewis: "Multitudes of hungry and homeless, foreclosed homes, nation-wide bank manipulations which have destroyed the savings of a lifetime of toil are not the requisites upon which a Democracy is founded." Said Senator Wagner: "The nation is facing an emergency fraught with tragedy." Said Matthew Woll: "An industrial order which over the last decade has steadily raised the value and volume of its product, while steadily decreasing the number of employed, faces a day of reckoning and judgment." Said Nicholas Murray Butler: "We must be able to manage things and quickly. Unless this can be done no political system is secure no matter how reasonable its principles, how deep-lying its foundations, or how splendid its achievements. Unsatisfied human need will find ways to sweep all these away."

TO COUNTERBALANCE these terrifying blasts, there appeared only President Hoover's statement—that 39,000 men are now employed on new public works and that he hopes 100,000 will be by January 1—and Secretary Doak's feeble squawk that because the federal government hasn't fired anybody, it is therefore employing a million people who might be on the streets, and that being an extreme optimist he holds the view that "Americans will solve any problem with which they have to deal." Which last statement does not make much impression, after Senator Wagner's reminder that twenty months have elapsed since the Administration first began this kind of talk and that so far nothing adequate has been done.

IS NEXT WINTER, then, to be nothing but a Via Dolorosa, leading to revolution and the grave? Shall we all take to the woods now and prepare to listen to the red riots over the radio? We are not ready to think so. In fact, call us Royalist if you will, but we even go so far as to believe that, in a certain sense, the worst is now over. Simply for the reason that matters have now clarified themselves to the point where it is crystal clear what we must do this next winter and how we must do it. There remains only the question of securing action as soon as possible—a thing for which even the croakers do not deny the American people have a genius.

WHAT ARE THESE STEPS and in what order shall we take them? Putting aside the dole, how shall we first create artificial jobs for the unemployed and, second, how shall we replace these artificial jobs with real ones as rapidly as possible? Obviously the first step which the states must take is along the lines of Governor Roosevelt's Unemployment Emergency Relief Bills in New York State. To this end, special sessions of the legislatures should be called at once whereever necessary. Coupled with Mr. Gifford's appeals for community action, and reinforced by decisive steps on the part of the newly created local public works committees, matters can then be actively pushed until in most localities a beginning has been made in offering work as well as charity to those in need. Meanwhile Congress can be summoned by Mr. Hoover to begin its session early in October instead of December, which too often means January. Here with some changes to meet our own situation, the vigorous action already taken by the Canadian government to reinforce local and state relief with federal funds can be speedily imitated; and cities, like Detroit, badly in need of assistance, afforded relief before their own money gives out. It is a pity, of course, that at this late date money is the only assistance which Washington can give which will not come too late. But so far as this winter's emergency is concerned, the time has passed for a huge federal public works program. Only quick acting communities and states can do that now. Due to the time factor, Federal public works can affect the situation only in the winter after the one coming. Money is what is wanted from Washington this fall. On the heels of such action for relief, then, should come the long awaited and widely wanted modification of the Volstead act to relegalize wine and beer and set in motion a whole new industry, with its immediate accompaniments of employment, use of new materials, real estate, trucks and railways; and its diversion of funds from our beer racketeers to the Federal Treasury.

THESE EMERGENCY STEPS taken, then pop up of course the questions of repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment in favor of state rights, revising the Sherman act, introducing the five-day week, lowering the tariff by reciprocal arrangements, revising the war debts and paring down reparations, stabilizing industry, curbing superheated salesmanship and setting up industrial and state unemployment insurance. But all these things can be considered at greater length and with some opportunity for reflection and wise action, once the emergency steps have been taken. For these are matters which go deep. They constitute adventures which should not be rashly embarked upon. The vital point is that this country knows now what it wants to do, and what it must do, to meet the emergency problem which the coming winter poses.

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Adequate federal action such as Canada has already taken is out of the question in this country now. It is too late. But it is not too late for Washington to extend federal financial assistance under the same plan under which Canada is operating, and to take a decisive action which will clarify the whole situation and hearten every community and state in the country. Federal assistance on the unemployment problem and legalization of beer and wine are wanted at once.

THE EDITORS.

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# Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

VICE-PRESIDENT CURTIS will soon make another pilgrimage to Kansas to discover—again—whether his political health can stand the strain of running for his present office next year, or whether it would be wiser to seek the hotter and less salubrious air of the United States Senate. He returned from a similar study a few months ago quite convinced that President Hoover was headed for defeat, and that he should save his own skin by separating himself from the national ticket. Indeed, he so informed some of his intimates, we hear, but silence fell over him as a result of several events which indicated that the President might yet rehabilitate himself and his party. There was, for instance, a sharp upturn in the stock market, the much-praised moratorium to Germany and the capture of Al Capone. Since that time Mr. Curtis has been quite upset, and has been at a loss to determine whether he should behave as should a vice-presidential or senatorial candidate. To the uninitiated there may seem to be little difference in the behavior to be expected of seekers after those offices, but to a politician as smart as "Charlie" it is the difference between strutting and soft-pedalling. As a Vice-President he can strut his stuff—and how he likes it—but as a would-be Senator it behooves him to walk humbly.

We note that he seems to be doing the latter, and, therefore, we suspect that he again entertains a doubt of the re-election of "the Chief." Only a short while ago the exclusive set of Boston's North Shore was grievously disappointed because the Vice-President, at the last moment, notified Mrs. Jacob Leander Loose that he would be unable to attend the week-end party she had arranged for his delectation. Now there is nothing "Charlie" enjoys more than this sort of affair, which, to his mind, is formal recognition of his importance in the world of politics and society. So his refusal to go aroused considerable speculation, despite his private explanation that a previous business engagement kept him from being on hand. We understand, however, that Mr. Curtis did not think it discreet to be caught at a week-end party given by a wealthy widow at the very moment when the farmers of his home state were receiving

only twenty-five cents for their wheat crop, when all other agricultural prices were lower than ever before, and when Administration leaders were staying awake nights to devise means of minimizing distress next winter. Mr. Curtis, we imagine, bethought himself of the most excellent publicity Mr. Hoover received that time he journeyed to Porto Rico for relaxation instead of accepting the invitations of millionaires to romp in their playground estates in Florida. Though it seem trivial, these are the things of which the life of a harassed Vice-President consists these days.

WE HAVE spoken so many times of Mr. Curtis's unhappiness since he went up in the world, leaving below him his racetrack and poker-playing friends of other and less formal days, that it seems impossible his cup could become more full of sadness and bitterness. Yet it is so.

Life, since "Charlie" became the "V. P.," has become just one grudge and grouse after another. At the present moment he is in a dark and dangerous mood for several reasons. He had almost achieved the calm of olden days with the termination of the Gann-Longworth feud, when an impudent society editor of a Washington newspaper revealed that he had furnished his ornate office on Capitol Hill with an expensive radio, and that during a brief absence from the Capital several friends kept it going from morning to late afternoon. Why "Charlie" should resent such publicity we don't know, but he is furious. Perhaps he doesn't think he ought to own a radio, or let it be known that he owns one, when fellow-Kansans can't pay the mortgage on the old homestead. On top of this leak there came a rumor that he contemplated marriage with a wealthy widow, and the same fear which possessed him when he turned down Mrs. Loose's invitation came over him. Indeed, for days it seemed that Fate was conspiring against his program to live simply rather than as one who is entitled to the fat of the land. When the political writers quit picking on him, the society editors entered the lists. That this should befall the man who was once on such free and breezy terms with the chroniclers of the news is something he cannot understand, and at which he rages. He does not realize, unfortunately, that he has none but himself to blame; had he remained the "same old Charlie" instead of putting on airs, there would have been no sly digs at him. This we offer, not as criticism, but as fact.

HIS LATEST REPINING, we understand, dates from Mark Sullivan's publication of a newspaper story pointing out that Mr. Curtis may be regarded as too old for a renomination, and suggesting that Senator Dwight W. Morrow might be a stronger man for second place on the ticket. In view of the close friendship between Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Hoover, and the general belief that the former often acts as the Administration's sole journalistic spokesman, Mr. Curtis thinks, of course, that the President would like to dump him. So do many other observers.

A. F. C.

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# The Brazen Dr. Bruening

## *An Article on the New Iron Chancellor*

*By* GERHARD HIRSCHFELD

CHANCELLOR BRUENING of Germany is a simple man. Without any decorum, he is modest beyond the accepted term of the average citizen's unpretentious standard. He lives the life of a missionary and ignores the privileges reserved for the chancellor of a great nation. His is the attitude of a man who has given up ambition and interest in any other aim but that of helping his nation to financial security. Such simplicity extends well into the field of politics and parliamentary operations.

His predecessor, Herr Hermann Mueller, found himself in a tight spot when the Reichstag, back in 1929, refused to pass his budget. In line with the best after-war methods, the fight shifted from the trenches in Belgium and northern France to an assembly of fifteen political parties in the Reichstag with fifteen different solutions of Germany's pressing problems. Mueller clung tenaciously to debates and discussions and threw his Teutonic zeal into a vain attempt to convince the fifteen executive committees of the fifteen parties, from the extreme Nationalists down to the Communists, that Germany needed first of all—unity!

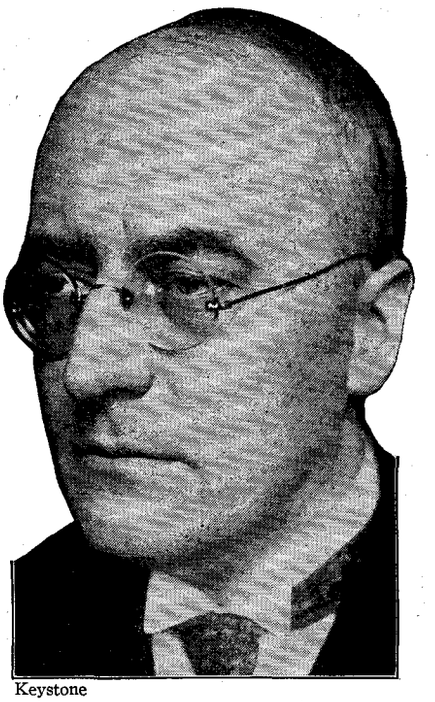
Mueller failed and his cabinet fell. President Hindenburg called on that party which had contributed more chancellors, good and bad, than any other faction—the Centrist party. They approached, in turn, its distinguished member, Dr. Heinrich Bruening, to burn his learned fingers on the hot-cake of German politics.

It was not long before Bruening challenged the Reichstag. He offered his budget; they would reject it with the sure and not altogether deferential feeling that another chancellor would bow his proud head to a haughty Reichstag. Nothing of the sort happened. Bruening went to Hindenburg, who signed the Reichstag's death warrant—its dissolution. Since then Bruening has turned the spear around, he is playing with the German national assembly. Without many words, the delegates know now who is the boss and act accordingly. There are no more Reichstag dissolutions but, instead, a smooth-working gathering of otherwise hot-tempered and high-strung politicians.

Many before Bruening have tried to master and tame the Reichstag, which, to Germany, is what Congress is to this country only that the former is a multi-checkered cat which sometimes threatens to become a tiger, whereas the latter offers the more harmless spectacle of a circus arena where the donkey and the elephant meet on fairly even and accepted terms. Since the Armistice eleven chancellors have tried to domesticize German politics. All of them failed. Why did they lose out where Bruening succeeded?

Since Bismarck, Germany has had no chancellor with mettle enough to match the stubbornness of a rambunctious Reichstag. Bruening has it. While he looks like a college professor or still more like a priest who rather refrains from speech at all before uttering hard words and making threatening gestures, there is steel below those cold but peaceful eyes, and there is plenty of determination behind those tight-closed lips. Where the wild scramble among the mass of political evangelists in Germany could drive to the limit anybody who is supposed to govern, direct and subordinate all of them, Bruening never allows any issue to get the best of him. He has never been known to lose his head, even to get warmed up to any great extent about any crisis, no matter how dangerous. This shows that he has remarkable self-discipline and control. But beyond it, he has tremendous faith in the ultimate triumph of his policy—and this deep-seated faith and conviction probably accounts in the end for the phenomenon of a man who is not a dictator and yet dictates single-handed the policy of a whole nation; a man who is by no means a "man of the people," yet works and fights for the man on the street as no other chancellor has ever done before him; a man who is personally unpopular and yet receives the support of most of the people's representatives whenever he has to resort to their vote of confidence.

Bruening comes from Muenster, capital of the Prussian province of Westphalia. It is the mining region of Germany, and the outstanding characteristics of its population are anything else but overwhelming—stubbornness and distrust, to which may be added a third one —industry. If Bruening lacked in any of them, he would not be chancellor. He certainly had an abundance of opportunity to test all three of them. The



Keystone

*DR. BRUENING*

Reichstag challenged his stubbornness, the Fascist fencers and the Communist crusaders made him cultivate his suspicion if he never dreamt of it and the tremendous problems the after-war Germany presents, politically and economically, did not force him to go to any greater length as far as his working capacity was concerned because he always was an indefatigable worker.

AFTER steering his way through three universities, Strasbourg, Munich and Bonn, he turned his attention to foreign countries and, for two years, cruised around, especially in France and Great Britain. Home again, he became an instructor in economics, but the war cut short a career which he had singled out for himself and in which he had hoped to attain real heights. His war record maintained the high standard which he had set while deeply buried in scholastic studies. He was decorated thrice for bravery and for wounds in action. If Dr. Heinrich believed as a scholar in the predominance of economic principles, if today he faithfully adheres to the supreme rule of serving the nation—at that time he stuck to the thesis that this war was one of defense and that everybody should give his best for the ultimate good—and he continued in service until the end.

What happened in Germany after the war is now history. The crushing wave of inflation which saw the Reichsmark dropping down to the crazy figure of 4.2 billion paper marks for a single dollar lifted some from obscurity to affluence but deprived countless millions of their

*(Continued on Page 82)*

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# Roosevelt: A Biography

## A First Installment—The Moving Story of Alice Lee

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

**At least a score of biographies have been written about Theodore Roosevelt, and the books which touch upon the life of this famous American run into the hundreds. But the OUTLOOK'S serial entitled "Theodore Roosevelt, a Biography" is the first attempt to evaluate his career and public service. Roosevelt was a vigorous personality who aroused ardent support and enmity almost as great. The attempt of the author in this impartial biography is to present Theodore Roosevelt judicially and without bias. ¶ This was made possible by great stores of new material now available; notably the Roosevelt letters in the Library of Congress, which were graciously made available, as well as the invaluable data collected during the past decade by the Roosevelt Memorial Association of New York. Obviously, the family and the association have no responsibility whatever for the result. ¶ The story opens here with Roosevelt still at Harvard, falling in love with the beautiful Alice Lee who so soon passed out of his life. ¶ The next installment will tell new facts of Roosevelt's life in the West, where he fled with his sorrow after the death of Alice Lee and where he was rancher and deputy sheriff**

"I FIRST SAW her on October 18, 1878," he wrote, "and loved her as soon as I saw her sweet, fair young face . . . . We spent three years of happiness such as rarely comes to man or woman . . . ." So began a memorial to Alice Hathaway Lee of Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, written by Theodore Roosevelt some time during 1884.

October 18, 1878, was a week before Theodore's twentieth birthday, at the start of his junior year at Harvard. A good many years afterwards he was to remark to his friend, Henry White, that women interested him very little, but this was not true in his boyhood and youth. As a small boy traveling in Europe he had noted in his diary that he sorely missed a playmate, Edith Carow. In the spring of 1876, while preparing to enter Harvard, he had attended a neighborhood party where he had enjoyed the company of "Annie Murray . . . . a very nice girl, besides being very pretty, ahem!"

Theodore had not been precisely a dashing youth; his younger brother, Elliott, was more of a social leader. A tendency to lead the conversation into dull paths of natural science may have minimized his appeal at first. Cambridge changed this. By the autumn of 1878 he was evolving into outward semblance of a young man of fashion. As his junior year ended he had even become a romantic figure.

He met Alice Lee, that October, at the home of Richard Saltonstall, one of his closest friends. In November he wrote his sister Conie that with Minot Weld, another intimate, he had driven to Saltonstall's home at Chestnut Hill and had "gone out walking with Miss Rose Saltonstall and Miss Alice Lee." Some weeks afterwards he escorted Alice through the Harvard Yard and, while pointing out the beauties of the institution, discovered that it was time for lunch. He promptly took his guest to the Porcellian Club, never before polluted by the presence of a woman. It had been his invariable custom to lunch at the Porc house, and it may never have occurred to him that he was shattering precedent. He may have believed the rule against women foolish nonsense, for he had strong feminist leanings in those remote days and his senior dissertation was on *The Practicability of Equalizing Men and Women Before the Law.*

She walked the stage for so brief a moment, there are so few who can remember and fewer still who will, that Alice Lee remains a fragment—but only partly. To Theodore she was "beautiful in face and form, and lovelier still in spirit," but she was lovely, too, to those who looked with less prejudiced eyes. It is known that she was seventeen on the October day when they met. She had light brown hair, with a touch of yellow in the sun. She wore it in curls which lay well back, over smaller curls which came down over her high forehead. Her nose tilted ever so slightly; her mouth was small and peculiarly charming. She was about five feet, seven inches in height and this, combined with

Photo by Julius Ludovici, N. Y.

*ONE OF THE FEW PICTURES EXTANT OF ALICE LEE*
*She is on the left, with Corinne Roosevelt Robinson and Anna Roosevelt*

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an erect carriage, made her seem rather tall.

She was the daughter of George C. Lee of Chestnut Hill, and her family tree bore Cabots and Lees and Higginsons on all its branches. When Theodore met her in 1878 she had seen little or nothing of society, and her education had been the ornamentally fashionable one of young gentlewomen of the day.

It was a turbulent courtship. Mrs. Robert Bacon, then sixteen, long recalled a function of the Pudding at which Roosevelt had walked up, had pointed across the room to Alice, and had demanded: "See that girl? I am going to marry her. She won't have me, but I am going to have *her!*"

Mrs. Bacon remembered, too, that the gentle Alice was alarmed by the impetuosity of the young man who had suddenly precipitated himself into the circle of more decorous beaux. He did a good deal of talking. He told her about snakes and lizards and other loathesome reptiles which he kept in his room on Winthrop Street. He had an overwhelming, gusty vitality and he insisted that she watch from the gymnasium balcony when he made his bid for the lightweight boxing championship. Alice was a little repelled, but wholly interested. Besides, there was no way in which she could avoid seeing him had she desired. Richard Saltonstall, a cousin, was constantly bringing him to the house on week-ends. He had a habit of throwing himself into a chair and telling thrilling stories about wolves and bears to her adoring five-year-old brother. He would take the younger children coasting, during the winter, on the snow-covered hills near the house.

Alice sometimes discouraged the eager Theodore and then he was plunged into the deepest gloom. He was always to suffer periods of discouragement, when everything seemed black. These were moments of despair. One night, during the first winter of the courtship, a classmate telegraphed to New York in alarm that Roosevelt was somewhere in the woods near Cambridge and refused to come home. A cousin who was particularly close hurried up there, managed somehow to soothe him, and soon confidence returned.

The courtship continued through the winter and spring of 1878-79, with Theodore becoming markedly possessive as the months passed. All trace of any letters that passed between them has vanished. All that remains, in the Roosevelt collection at the Library of Congress, is a fading invitation in which Mr. and Mrs. George Lee announced the forthcoming wedding of Theodore Roosevelt and their daughter Alice.

Roosevelt returned to Cambridge for his senior year exuding ardor and determination. That he had already told his family about Alice is demonstrated by an invitation extended to the girl and her mother to spend the Christmas holidays at Oyster Bay. Theodore's mother—his father had died a little less than two years before—seems to have been fond of Alice from the start; nor is this surprising. The young girl and the older woman had much in common. They were gentle and rather quiet. They had charm and grace. Both, for by now Alice's last defenses had been shattered, considered Theodore wholly magnificent. The brief days between Christmas and New Year's Day in 1879 must have been high marks in Theodore's life. He saw Alice, who affected heavy white brocades to set off her fair hair and blue eyes, standing in front of the open fire after dinner; Alice being very feminine, very attentive to the conversation, very timid about taking more than a sip of wine. He saw her, demure in furs and carrying a small muff, while she skated on nearby ponds and leaned deliciously on his strong arm.

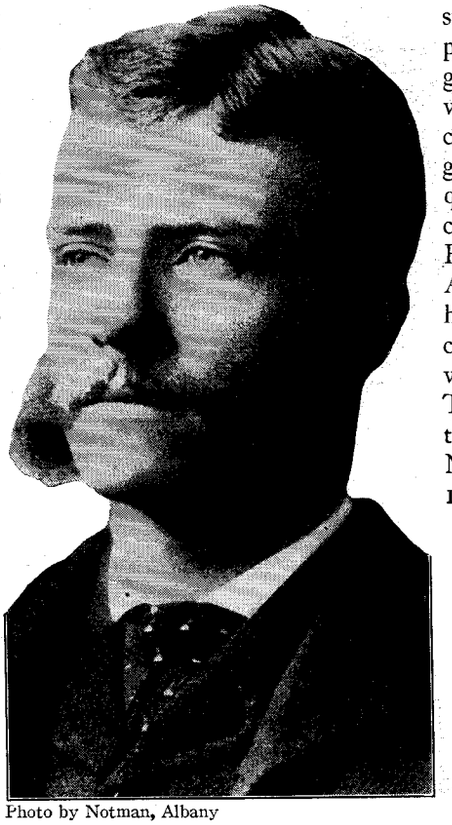

Photo by Notman, Albany

*ROOSEVELT AS ASSEMBLYMAN*

*A photograph taken in 1882 when he was becoming a power in the New York State Legislature*

Meanwhile, in the Harvard Yard, Roosevelt was a marked man. It now became apparent that he was neglecting his editorial duties on the *Advocate* because of more important activities at Chestnut Hill. Rumors of his preoccupation reached even the ears of the cloistered faculty. One morning, in the English and Rhetoric class, Professor A. S. Hill, familiarly called "Ass" Hill, read aloud an unusually sentimental essay and cruelly asked Theodore to criticize it. His classmates assumed, from the fact that he blushed, that he was the author. The Dickey show, as far back as the previous year, had commented on his courting as well as on his elegant appearance.

At about this time Roosevelt's interest in the natural sciences began to flag. Again the evidence is not conclusive. Alice may have expressed distaste for squirrels and birds,

*"THE BIG SIX" AT HARVARD*

*Roosevelt is standing on the right, wearing the side whiskers which were the comment of his friends. Standing, left to right, are Richard Saltonstall, who introduced him to Alice Lee; Minot Weld, and Roosevelt; seated, left to right, are John Tebbets, H. B. Chapin, and Harry Shaw*

*Photographs by courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, 28 East Twentieth Street, New York*

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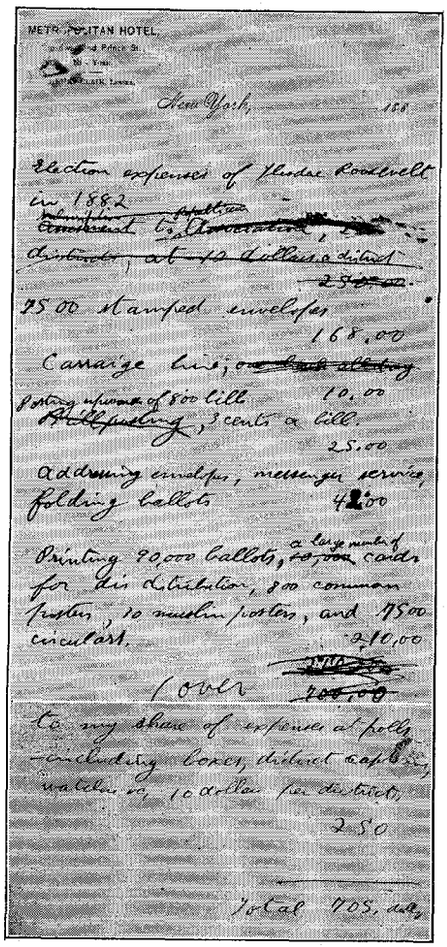

METROPOLITAN HOTEL
Broadway and Prince St.
New York
HENRY CLAIR, Lessee.

New York, 188

Election expenses of Theodore Roosevelt in 1882

Printing 20,000 ballots, a large number of cards for distribution, 800 common posters, 50 muslin posters, and 1500 circulars. 210,00

over

To my share of expenses at polls including boxes, ballots & cards, 10 dollars per district, 2.80

Total 705. 00/100

*LOW COST CAMPAIGN*
*Roosevelt spent $705 in his contest for the office of Assemblyman in 1882, and $642 in 1883*

no longer alive but looking as dead as only an amateur taxidermist could make them look. A fragment of a letter remains, written in July of 1879, in which Theodore told his friend, Harry Minot, that he had done almost no collecting that summer, that "I don't approve of too much slaughter." That it was not solely dissatisfaction with Harvard teaching methods which made him abandon a scientific career is shown by a second letter on February 13, 1880:

> I write to you to announce my engagement to Miss Alice Lee; but do not speak of it till Monday. I have been in love with her for nearly two years now; and have made everything subordinate to winning her; so you can perhaps understand a change in my ideas as regards science, etc.

A few days later Minot, who had been Theodore's companion on many an expedition, was host at a small dinner in his honor. Theodore, even after the engagement was formally announced, could find no peace. He worried when some classmate, anxious to show polite attention to his fiancée, talked with her at a dance. He worried when, at Chestnut Hill, the suitors who had loved and lost told her that their hearts were broken but that they would stagger on through life.

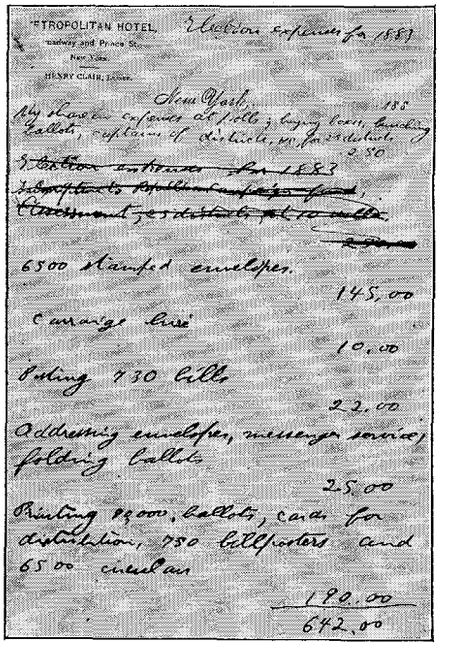
"Roosevelt," recalled a member of Alice's family, "seemed constantly afraid that someone would run off with her, and threatened duels and everything else. On one occasion he actually sent abroad for a set of French dueling pistols, and after great difficulty got them through the Custom House." Theodore's honor was not impugned, however. No blood was shed. No pistols and coffee for two, with frightened young men of Porcellian acting as seconds in the *code duello*, were served among the quiet New England hills. He managed to get his degree despite the distractions at Chestnut Hill.

Roosevelt did not attempt to begin the pursuit of a career that summer. The estate of his father had made him a young man of means, although not of wealth. There was no need to hurry. Meanwhile, a degree of ill-health on Elliott Roosevelt's part offered excuse for a hunting trip. During August, letters told of excellent sport in Iowa and Minnesota with the climate "simply superb," with Theodore's younger brother the best of companions and an excellent shot. The hunt was prolonged for an additional four weeks after which, Roosevelt wrote, he would go at once to Chestnut Hill. The marriage took place at Brookline on October 27, 1880. The day was Theodore's twenty-second birthday, while Alice was nineteen.

The young couple went to New York to live with Theodore's widowed mother at 6 West Fifty-seventh street, an address considered uptown and out of the way but which was beginning to be fashionable. Having abandoned science, Theodore had decided to take up law, and this was the reason for postponing the honeymoon trip. He was not greatly interested in the law, but it was something to do and so he enrolled at the Columbia Law School and also did some reading in the office of his uncle, Robert Barnhill Roosevelt. The twelve months that followed Roosevelt's marriage constitute a period of uncertainty. He did a little work on *The Naval War of* 1812, of which a chapter or two had been written at Cambridge. He started to take an interest in local politics, also, but here, too, signs of active interest are lacking. He joined the district Republican Club in the fall of 1880 for the reason that "a young man of my bringing up and convictions could join only the Republican party"; a curious statement since both his uncle and father-in-law were Democrats. So life drifted, with frequent social affairs in which Alice and his mother were joint hostesses, and with life at home unmarked by the slightest friction between the mother and daughter-in-law. Theodore was working hard, was watching the presidential aspirations of James G. Blaine with misgivings, was an ally of those who believed that the best element in the city should take more interest in public affairs. As yet he had no program. He was finding the law decidedly dull.

A trip to Europe, Theodore's third in less than fifteen years, provided a pleasant diversion during the summer of 1881. They returned home toward the end of September, with Theodore expecting to continue his law studies. But within a few weeks he found himself the candidate of his party for election to the State Legislature. He was soon making stump speeches while his friends alternated between amusement and indignation that a young man of good blood, with opportunity for a legal career before him, should stoop into the gutter of American politics. Alice and Theodore were still making their home with Mrs. Roosevelt, but after Election Day they prepared to move to Albany. He was now the Honorable Theodore Roosevelt, Assemblyman-elect from the 21st District.

Here the story of Alice Lee becomes increasingly unsubstantial. It is known that during his first year at Albany, beginning in January, 1882, Roosevelt took rooms at 144 State Street, a quasi-hotel where fellow-legislators stayed. It is known that Alice was there with him the first winter and also that they returned to New York for most of their week-ends. Presumably she went to the


METROPOLITAN HOTEL
Broadway and Prince St.
New York
HENRY CLAIR, Lessee.

Election expenses for 1882

New York, 188

6500 stamped envelopes. 145.00

Campaign hire 10.00

Posting 730 bills 22.00

Addressing envelopes, messenger service, folding ballots 25.00

Printing 25,000, ballots, cards for distribution, 750 billposters and 6500 circulars 190.00

642.00

*MODEST ELECTION EXPENSES*
*From an original manuscript in Roosevelt House, 28 East Twentieth Street, New York*

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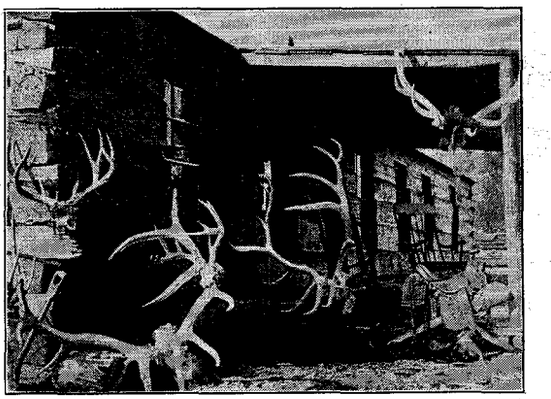
Assembly Chamber to hear Theodore make his first speeches and glowed with pride as he rapidly gained public attention by a precocious attempt to impeach a New York judge. Isaac L. Hunt, an Assemblyman from the northern part of the State, remembered her as "a very charming woman . . . . tall and willowy. I was very much taken with her." But he could recall nothing of what she did or how she talked. On the whole, Alice must have been decidedly bored; Albany then, as now, was an intellectual Sahara. There must have been periods that dragged interminably until the summer of 1883. Then she knew that she was to have a baby and Roosevelt, if his subsequent enthusiasm for quantity production of offspring is any indication, was delighted.



*The piazza at Elkhorn Ranch*

Alice went into her ordeal cheerfully. She was not too well, but the doctors were suavely reassuring. There was a pleasant fluttering around the house on Fifty-seventh street where she spent much of her time while Theodore was at Albany. His sister, Conie, who had become Mrs. Douglas Robinson, had a baby son, and the two young women had much in common. Alice enjoyed her new importance. She prepared the layette. She listened to advice from her sister-in-law. She was playing the only vital part that a woman of the '80's could play; excepting, of course, the preposterous unsexed creatures who were beginning to talk about votes for women.

Roosevelt had been reëlected in 1882 and it would be necessary for him to campaign again in the fall of 1883. The star of his fame was rising rapidly and he was an outstanding figure in Albany and New York. But he was tired. The work in the legislature was, "if conscientiously done, very harassing," and the 1884 session would be additionally so since he was almost certain to become minority leader. Perhaps Roosevelt suffered, too, from a superfluity of feminine activity at home. Consequently, he decided to seek recreation in the West and arrived at Little Missouri, in the Dakota Bad Lands, on the morning of September 7, 1883. Again he had a delightful time, and it was signally fortunate that he had gone to the Bad Lands during that summer. Less than a year later, when in a single night his life changed utterly, he had a place of refuge. He was back in New York in time to conduct his campaign for the Assembly and was, as usual, returned without difficulty.

It was Roosevelt's most important year at Albany. He had a voice in all legislation. He was a part of the "reform element" in the state, and his name was linked with that of Grover Cleveland, then Governor of New York. Roosevelt was still conservative as he was, indeed, in political philosophy until he turned his face toward the once heretical tenets of William Jennings Bryan after 1904. But he was influential, a minor force for civic righteousness, and very busy. At a dinner of the Harvard Club in New York in February there were references to "that gallant champion of ours at Albany."

As the day of her confinement drew near, Roosevelt's young wife left their house in Forty-fifth street to stay with her mother-in-law in Fifty-seventh, where an apartment was furnished for her on the third floor. She waited anxiously each week for Friday to arrive, listening for the front door to open and close with a crash. Then she knew that Theodore had returned from Albany after the legislature had recessed for the week-end. She would hurry downstairs to meet him and a moment later Corinne Robinson, who was spending most of her time at the house, would hear Alice call: "Corinne! Teddy's here. Come and share him." On the following Monday Roosevelt would return to Albany.

The baby was expected about the middle of February and life at the house in Fifty-seventh street moved on with this uppermost. Alice was happy, if physically wretched under the acute discomforts which men dismiss so lightly as inconveniences. Only one trivial incident is remembered of those weeks of waiting; an afternoon when Alice and Mrs. Roosevelt were to go driving. A member of the family dropped by and found Alice sitting, the personification of patience, in a drawing room on the first floor. She was wearing furs for it was cold outside. She laughed when asked why she was sitting there. The "Little Motherling," she explained, using Theodore's pet name for his mother, was "always late, but not generally so late as this time."

February 13, 1884, was a Wednesday. On the previous Friday Corinne Robinson and her husband had gone to Baltimore, and before leaving Mrs. Robinson had jokingly told Alice that she must not have her baby until they returned. "I promise," she said cheerfully. The sister-in-law then said goodbye to her mother, who was in bed with what seemed a mild indisposition. On Monday, in Baltimore, a telegram came stating there was no need to hurry, and Mr. and Mrs. Robinson delayed until Wednesday morning. Then,

*(Continued on Page 95)*

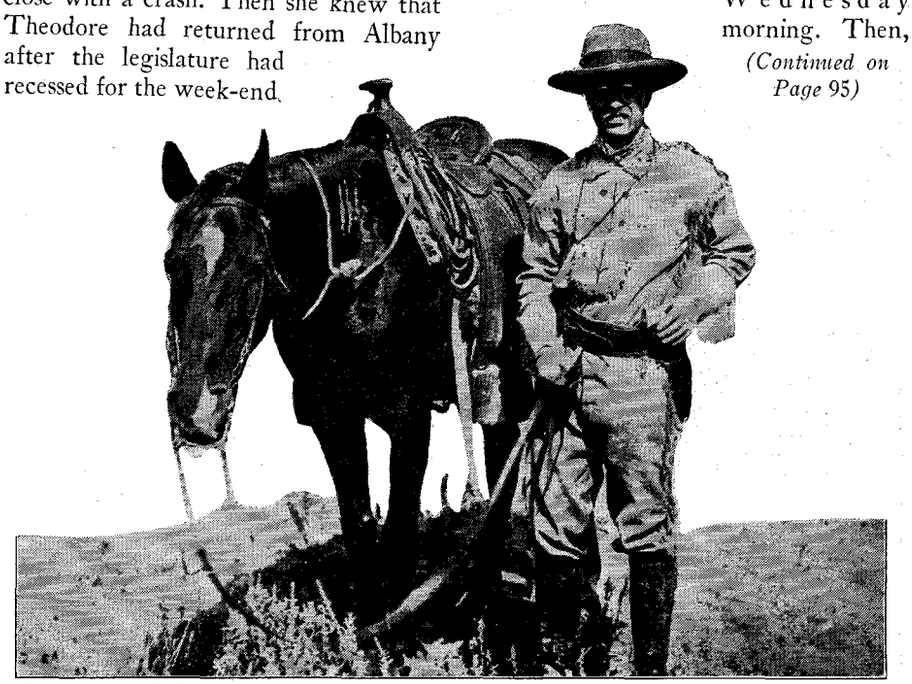


Photo by Ingersoll, Buffalo, Minn.

*ROOSEVELT IN THE BAD LANDS, 1883*

*As he appeared on his Maltese Cross ranch with his horse, Manitou. He was then on a cattle roundup*

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# Welcome to the Next War

*By* HERBERT COREY

**As a war correspondent Mr. Corey has seen enough of war to hate it and yet, as he points out in this article, there are thousands in the world today who would welcome a new conflict, some for personal and private reasons, others for political reasons. It is a subject usually banned—war is always considered impossible until it comes. Like ourselves, Mr. Corey dislikes the thought of another war, but still he faces facts, and one fact is that many would welcome another war**

I WISH the next war would hurry along. If it does not come soon I will be too old. Even then, I suppose, I could be a censor. Because I am not honest any more. I have learned the game.

This craving for blood—that is what it would be called if any one were to take me seriously—would not be important if it were purely personal. At a pinch I could satisfy it by getting wet through and walking out to the suburbs carrying a trunk and then dropping in at the abattoir for an invigorating hour. That seems a fair picture of war as seen by John Dos Passos and Ernest Hemingway and others of the sadder literary school. Nor will I admit that I would actually prefer war to peace. Too many abusive pacifists would begin to call names.

But if there is to be another war I hope it will come along in a hurry. The significance of this unimportant personal attitude is that it is shared by some millions of men who are still reasonably stout-legged and fairly sane. War was to them the great adventure of their lives. They would welcome a little bit more of it before they stiffen up. For varying periods they lived more fully, with more perfect, tingling, soaring happiness than they had believed life could offer. When they get together they beef about the second louies and the lousy generals and the selfish chicanery of their allies, but pretty soon the talk gets to the fundamentals: "Remember that top sergeant I had? A big stiff. Never had anything to say. I thought he didn't like me. But I picked up some shrap in front of Soissons and he carried me in on his back——"

Then the veterans lift their glasses: "To the next war." I have heard them, I tell you. I have drunk with them. Men of our own First and Second and Rainbow Divisions. No better fighting men ever grouched. Men of the Black Watch and the Chausseurs d'Alpin and the stout machine gunners of Germany who fought them so well. Gentlemen and ladies who still believe mankind is but a band of brothers may suggest at this point that the baser elements are released by drink and that when the ex-fighting men sober up they will be thankful for peace. To which I may reply with one line from a classic and one line of my own: *In vino veritas*, and they say the same thing rather grimly when they are sober as King Tut.

The poor devils who died are not calling for another war, of course. I hope they are not. Those who have not as many arms and legs as they began life with will not share these sentiments. Business men who find it hard to watch the tape because of savage little twinges from unfound hunks of pot metal will offer rebuttal: "No more war. Not for me. I've had mine."

That makes no difference. As soon as the ballyhoo starts for the next war they will fall in line—whooping, I bet you. So will the pretty girls and the bishops and the school teachers and the pekinesed wives. We will all be going about with flame in our eyes getting measured for uniforms. Perhaps this is not as it should be, but it is as it will be and it suits me. Only a natural born martyr here and there will take a chance on treason by refusing to fight—and what a chance the martyrs will have in the next war! We have learned how to deal with them! No place on the first page, a pick and shovel, corn meal gruel, no letters from home. St. Francis of Assisi would run out on himself if treated like that.

If any professional browbeater tells me that in maintaining that the world will bring a fine enthusiasm to the next war—the tune being pitched by the veterans of the latest one—I am taking a low view of human nature I will ask him to go study some veterans. I am taking a true view of human nature. I was as high-minded and credulous as a setter pup in 1914. It was not that I loved my fellow man so much. Individually he is given to selling me mining stocks and collectively he has a musty and repellent odor. But I had been exposed from youth to godly influences and culture. I believed the world had too much sense to go to war.

If at that time I had listened to business men of the highest standing candidly admit that a war might get the world back into gear I would have snorted in derision. I heard business men of the highest international standing say that very thing not many weeks ago. The International Chamber of Commerce held its 1931 meeting at Washington. It would not be possible to get together a more thoroughly representative body of merchants, manufacturers and bankers. At the end of the week the assembly produced a set of soft and flat resolutions. Stalwart and irresponsible persons said that a militant Belgian hare could have chased it into the Potomac.

IN FACT, the framers of the resolutions knew better than you and I how charged the world is with explosives. They did their best to damp the powder. To be more accurate they did not admit in intelligible phrases that there is any powder. They do not want war, more than the leaders of world business in 1914 wanted war. There is not a man of them all who would not say with sincerity that he is doing and will do all in his power to restore peace to an aching world. But he would also say that a little war right now would be good for business. I talked with scores of them in the corridors. Those who did not play with platitudes were frank in saying that while Europe's political conditions remain all wrong a permanent revival of trade seemed unlikely. Not all of them found the same conditions were wrong, but they all agreed that unless there is a trade revival Europe will starve and even the United States will be reduced to sucking its paws. They were unable to suggest

*Illustrations by Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., from "Fix Bayonets," courtesy Charles Scribner's Sons*

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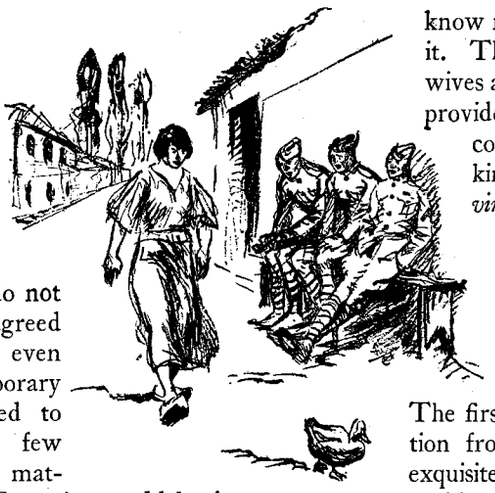
how the political conditions can be changed peacefully.

"It might come to war," they said.



Did I detect a faint tone of hope? I honestly do not know. They all agreed that another war, even a little, puny, temporary war, only designed to straighten out a few kinks, would help matters immediately. Factories would begin to run overtime, trains would fill with passengers, farmers would begin to buy back the farms they let go to the mortgagees, young men would be trooping to the colors, the girls would be getting into uniforms, stocks would soar again, there would be staff cars and staff sons and brass hats and headquarters—"And afterward?" I asked.

"God knows," said the business men. They shrugged their shoulders. They have been through one rather large war and the experience induced a form of fatalism. Most of them are getting on in years, too. By the time the deluge comes they might all be dead. Does this sound foolish? Not so foolish to those who remember 1914. It took rather a fine grade of foolishness to start war in 1914. Business was a little spotty, of course, but then business is always coming out in splotches. The world was beginning to taste luxury. Any business man who was a shade better than his competitors—or maybe not a shade worse—had every right to anticipate continued prosperity. Business now needs the oxygen treatment. Woman — Capitalized and Khakied—had not learned what war can be. She was still uncertain, coy and hard to please. The young men regarded war as a virile picnic and it was a certainty that the old army line helped with the girls. But in 1914 the young men were not looking for picnics, nor are they now. They want jobs. War is a job.

THERE is no large yearning for war on the part of the people now, of course, any more than in 1914. Only—I'm telling you—there are in the world some millions of men who will say that they had the best times of their lives in the World War. Anyone, from general down to newspaper columnist, who says he did not have his best time, assuming that he came out practically sound and did not pass through Blois on his way home, is not the kind of a man I knew then or know now. They all liked it. They were free of wives and debts. Food was provided, they got used to cooties, women were kind, and a bottle of *vin rouge* in a dugout tasted incredibly good. The pleasures were simple, it is true, but war is the simplest thing there is. The first moments of reaction from deadly fear are exquisite delight. There was nothing to worry about. Tomorrow they might be dead.

What if that is an absurd and distempered view of war as it really is? What difference does that make? That is the view that millions of veterans hold and the fact that they hold it is of significance. Another war would mean relief from the nagging irritations of civil life. The wife would get the monthly pay, there would be a pension to look forward to plus the fleeting delights of a bonus and adjusted compensations and above all there would be one more good time with the old gang.

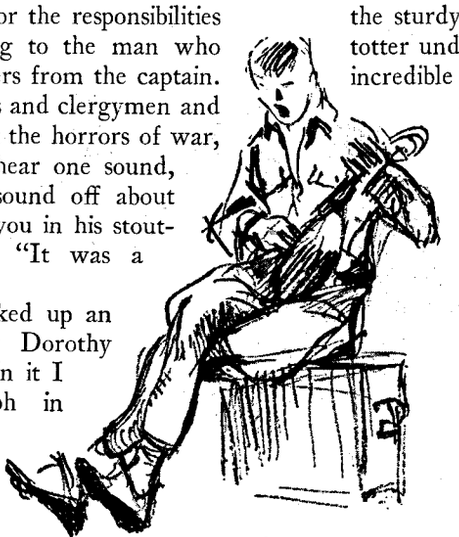
What does peace offer to many of the millions today? I am not whimpering pessimism but trying to take account of stock. Debt is always at their heels. Run-down, sagging wives and squalling brats; or no job at all and the breadlines and the flophouse; or the responsibilities that are so crushing to the man who learned to take orders from the captain. I have heard orators and clergymen and old ladies talk about the horrors of war, but I have yet to hear one sound, healthy doughboy sound off about them. He will tell you in his stout-hearted thousands: "It was a damn good war."

By chance I picked up an article written by Dorothy Thompson today. In it I found a paragraph in which she told of the reaction of distressed Germany to the prospect of war with Poland at the time of a diplomatic incident some months ago: "Hooray," said the Germans in effect. "The war is coming at last."

War would be a release for the millions of veterans who are still fit, and one more throw of the dice in the biggest of all games. It would mean a period of prosperity for the business man. Ruin might feed the furnaces but he would back himself, this time, to be sharp enough to get away with his share while the getting was good. It would insure work to the frightened man who sees the day getting nearer and nearer when his family will be put on the street. It would mean new names in the news, for the statesmen who made a botch of the World War would be shouldered aside by stronger youngsters. It would release women from conventions again. They will play a lustier part in the next war.

MY OWN part, I trust, would be that of censor—censor and liar. I would not try to be an honest reporter again. The other war knocked that honest nonsense out of me. Too much of the writing about the World War has been done by professional writers—not reporters, understand. A reporter who worries about blood on the ground when he is covering a story is quickly translated to a nicer sphere. But professional writers feature their sensibilities. They begin with the premise that war is hell and pile up the agony about the crude sanitary arrangements and the dreadful prevalence of goldfish and the cruel rank which sits in holes at a safe distance from the territory in which the file is dying in odd little tumbled heaps.

Everything they say is true, of course. No one is defending war. The weakness of the plan is that these affecting writings do not get into the hands of the men to whom war should really be hell. If the sturdy lads who manage to totter under seventy pounds for incredible distances day after day and still keep awake enough to drop bombs into holes in which some hundreds of pounds of shuddering flesh are hiding would read these writings by the sentimentalists much might be accomplished. But they do not; or if they do they reflect harshly upon the professional writers. Nothing of what they say may be quoted.



What good does it do to convince the tender-hearted, especially as they began by being convinced?

It may be urged that I was only a correspondent in the World War and am, therefore, speaking out of turn. It is true that I was that lowly animal.

Of course, the correspondents had all the best of it. I have listened to Hero Floyd Gibbons and Hero Frazier Hunt

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and all the rest of the heroes and I know that every one of us had the best time he ever had in his life. We generally managed to rustle a blanket at night and we were not often too hungry and when we got so frightened that the esophagus fell to the heel of the stomach no one thought the worse of us if we retreated to the distant *estaminet* where the portables were parked. Being an eminently practical person the doughboy might have honored us for courage if we had stayed around where he was being shot at, but he would have derided us as damned fools.

But we saw enough of the doughboy and talked with him enough and heard him talk with his own kind enough to know that he thought that a good deal of the time he was doing first rate. Of course he was wrong. Let us not start that argument again. Any fool knows that war is a modernized version of the Black Death and not only destroys the body but boils the soul like an egg. Yet he went right on thinking he was having a great time—not while he was being shot at, of course, but between times.

There is a wraith of a boy at Walter Reed hospital who hardly has room on his shrunken chest for the honors he won before he had a legitimate beard. He was killing men when he should have been at home doing his night work. A machine gun held up his company at a ford and man after man died trying to take it. That schoolboy—he was no more than a schoolboy—and another who was hardly older, made a plan of their own. Somehow they got across the water. They were knocked down by bullets on the way and played dead and writhed their way under the bank and presently wriggled out of the water—just schoolboys, mind you, with innocent, beardless faces—and killed the German crew.

"Gee," he says from his hospital bed, "I had a swell time in the war."

MAYBE he did not have a good time. That is not the point. He certainly did not have the sort of a good time that would be relished by those who hold that war is wholly hell. But he thought he had a good time. So do a good share of the other veterans in England and France and the United States and Germany. They think they had a good time. They know that peace is tiresome and monotonous and sometimes fearful. They would volunteer for the war if it were to come tomorrow. They are telling the kids their stories and the kids think the old men had a good time and their tender veins swell. When the next war comes they will be ready to go as their dads were not when the World War began. Their dads did not think then that war is like they think war is now. The girls did not know about it then. Now they do, or they think they do.

I started out flatfooted with the World War as a correspondent and only ceased being a correspondent when the war stopped on me. There never was any one more pitifully trustful than I was that day the Archduke was killed at Sarajevo. For years the regular Monday morning story from Paris had been headed "Trouble in the Balkans." This, I thought, was just one more trouble. If it went too far some one would stop it.

## This Week's Contributors

Gerhard Hirschfeld is the American correspondent for a group of German publications, and as a journalist in Europe became thoroughly familiar with German politics.

Henry F. Pringle is one of OUTLOOK'S editors and the author of "Big Frogs" and "Alfred E. Smith, A Critical Study."

Herbert Corey started his adventurous career as a cowboy in Colorado and Wyoming, and then became a newspaper man. He became correspondent for the Cincinnati newspapers, first the *Inquirer* and then the *Times-Star*, and, as he points out in the article, he saw the war from beginning to end. He is also a lecturer.

I was sure the world had become too pitiful and tender and wise to permit another war. Business men would not stand for it. Mothers would not stand for it. Statesmen would slap war back into his waistcoat, and above all the bankers would not permit it. I had the American belief in the money power, I suppose. As an afterthought, too, I recalled that the church would not stand for war.

I had all the elements right. But I had forgotten what can be done with the printed word. Until the day the United States declared war I tried to inform my countrymen truthfully on what was going on. I did not get very far with that effort. About the first thing I did was to get into trouble with the British censors because they were cheating the United States by falsifying the dispatches sent by American correspondents. Partly as a result of my stories the methods of the British censors were amended and they stopped writing things into the dispatches. They just took things out. Much can be accomplished by a judicious taking out. The censors and the propagandists were quite right too. That is what they were there for. Of course they cheated us. Equally, of course, if

*(Continued on Page 94)*

## The Brazen Dr. Bruening

*(Continued from Page 75)*

last savings. It found Bruening, however, steadily pursuing the path of social endeavor and economic study. He was identified with the Prussian Ministry of Welfare; then he turned his attention to the German labor problem and was elected chairman of the German Labor Union.

The German Reichstag greeted an obscure and most unpretentious member back in 1924 when the Christian Labor party gave him his first political mandate. If he had any political ambition, nobody ever received advance notice of it. He probably was not aware of it himself. What interested Bruening was the terribly involved economic situation of his country and the accompanying social distress. In this field he could be called an expert, though, aside from his friends and party members, few knew even that much about him.

There was apparently nothing about this German chancellor which in any way would foreshadow the future. He never pushes himself to the fore. He despises pomp and splendor, and glory and adulation are nothing to him. His manner of speech is something to frown upon. It is so monotonous and dull and sapless that one wonders how the audience manages to keep awake. But if we come to the "behind the scenes" of his public addresses, that is something else. There we find an unusually clear conception of the problems under discussion, a foresight of trends and tendencies, a remarkably fine display of analysis and expression, or rather explanation, all these factors combining to leave the listener with something more than a superficial appreciation of the performance.

This forte of Dr. Bruening goes quite naturally back to his profound study of economics. Even if he never sought to turn the limelight on himself, it so happened that he was pushed to the political stage by the eagerness of his friends and those who knew him more intimately. First, his own party, the Centrist party, discovered his ability. The problems of budgetary finance and of economic legislation were handed over to him. In this capacity Bruening was responsible for many suggestions and resolutions which were introduced in a rather indifferent Reichstag. He was another expert within the strong Centrist party but that was about all. To the public at large he was a complete unknown. Even when in 1929 he was chosen leader of his party, nobody got excited and few really paid any attention either to him or his exalted

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office. Only when President Hindenburg called on the Center party for the formation of a cabinet and Bruening was designated to accept the call, did the public learn much about him.

This lack of public interest does not disturb Bruening in the slightest. Quite the contrary, it suits him perfectly since he considers public acclamation a thing which grows to gigantic proportions one day and shrinks to utter indifference the following morning. Much more is he intent on doing his share to relieve distress and improve economic conditions. He gives of his none too large income a substantial portion to charity. Before the new wing to the Berlin chancellory was completed, he did all of his work including conferences and interviews in three small rooms of the most simple, monastic type.

He could work and live in such environment because he appreciated the power and the force of concentration, and the problems of Germany are of a nature that require the most stringent attention. The war robbed the population of a great deal of its buying power. The subsequent inflation period completed this process. Today the German people are desperately poor; 90 per cent are earning a monthly average of not more than 200 marks, which in American currency is the equivalent of 100 dollars. However, considering the respective buying value of dollars and marks, the proportion would be in the neighborhood of 1:2. In other words you can buy in Germany for 100 marks what would cost you in the United States about $50. Even so a monthly average income of $100 for 90 per cent of the population is a miserable national standard indeed.

More than 5,000,000 persons are unemployed in Germany. Industry produces an enormous surplus which, in view of the low buying power of the domestic market, must be shipped abroad if it can be sold in foreign countries at all. High tariff walls, which protect most of the worthwhile markets, make increased German exports only more difficult. It is estimated that Bruening's country should multiply its shipments by at least three in order to balance the nation's budget; how this is to be accomplished no one pretends to know.

THEN there is the housing shortage, which has grown to the lamentable stage where young people cannot get married because they have no place to live. If they are not fortunate enough to find shelter with their parents, they are forced to postpone marriage plans rather indefinitely, unless they belong to that exclusive circle of *beati possidentes* who can afford to rent one of the expensive up-to-date apartments. But these are either foreigners or the scattered survivors of war depression and inflation crisis who somehow have managed to retain a portion of their fortune. They certainly are not representative of the people's plight.

Social insurance, a huge deficit in the coffers of the federal treasury, reparations and the inevitable taxes (most citizens having the privilege of giving 30 per cent or more of their income to the government or going to jail) have brought about a situation where—German opinion assures us—more foreign financial support is needed to put the Reich back on its feet. But the United States alone has something like three billion dollars invested in Germany; viewing the Reich's tight situation with grave doubts, foreign creditors do not feel very much encouraged to go on pouring gold into a barrel seemingly bottomless.

*"He has never been known to lose his head, even to get warmed up to any extent about a crisis, no matter how dangerous"*

This desperate condition, strengthened by the stringent clauses of the treaty of Versailles, has convinced many in present-day Germany that it is no use trying to fight all these terrific handicaps. There is little chance of ever overcoming them. German youth says in effect: "We cannot make a decent living before we are forty; we cannot get married and settle down; we are paying for something of which we don't know a thing, the war, let alone any talk of war guilt. What is the use of living? We might as well get up and fight the devil!" And so, five million run over to the Right, and kneel in admiration at the feet of "Handsome Adolf" Hitler; and another six million follow the red flag of Lenin and Karl Marx and pray for their savior from Moscow.

Transfer these conditions and trends into the Reichstag and you have a true picture of the difficulties facing Dr. Bruening. The Hitlerites are the second strongest party and the Communists are gaining with every new election. The Fascists are clamoring for cancellation of the Versailles treaty and reparations, are demanding a strong army and a virtual dictatorship under Hitler. The Communists are insisting on their well-known program of *Liberté, egalité, fraternité*. Sometimes both parties will coöperate with the single purpose of overthrowing the government, as was recently the case in the vote on dissolution of the Diet.

IN A masterpiece of diplomatic skill, Bruening made his fight against the two extreme wings which account for not less than two-fifths of the votes of the Reichstag. He first turned to the left wing and split it by forcing through a law on extended social insurance, thus catering to the more liberal wing of the Left. Besides, Bruening was for years active in the cause of labor and it was not hard for him to convince the workers' parties that he would not go against them.

Then he paid his attention to the extreme Right and poured some sweet medicine on their wounded pride by granting them construction of a second "vest-pocket cruiser." Furthermore he pressed relief measures for the much-suffering farmers in East Prussia, promising them financial help and higher tariffs on foodstuffs imported from abroad. A large percentage of these agricultural interests are identified with the right wing parties and it was in this way that Bruening obtained a workable majority in the Reichstag where no other after-war chancellor had succeeded before.

At the age of 45—he is one of the youngest chancellors Germany has had —Bruening apparently stands at the apex of his career. He is a bachelor and has no family to care for. He is poor and has no material interests. His aim, his ideal and his ambition lie in his nation. If he can help the country out of its dilemma and put it back on a sound economic footing, this will be his satisfaction. On this he has worked conscientiously, before the war in a small way and after the war in a big way. What marks him the greatest chancellor Germany has had since the dark days of the November revolution of 1918 is a character so big and brazen that it can carry the crushing burden of a defeated and suffering nation on its fortitude alone, that it can face the desperate problems arising out of social distress and economic misery without woe or whine and that it can unite foes and friends for the common good notwithstanding despair and poverty, hatred and distrust all around.

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# The Spotlight on Sports

## Seeding the Tennis Draw

A TENNIS champion of the United States seeded number five! Likable Johnny Doeg, whose good left arm packs more muscle than finesse, is the victim of this precedent-shattering move. Custom calls for the defending title holder to be seeded in the place of honor, but the allocation of positions is left to the discretion of the championship committee.

Seeding the draw is of comparatively recent origin. R. Norris Williams sponsored the scheme after the war as a means of eliminating the injustice of the blind draw. Prior to the adoption of seeding, one section of the draw was apt to be top heavy. Luck might concentrate the leading contenders in the same quarter. Sometimes two headliners were forced to cut each other's throats on the opening day.

Seeding distributes the strength equally (at least in theory) between the four quarters of the draw and builds up to a grand climax. It makes for cumulative suspense; insures a well-balanced semi-final pairing.

Doeg's 1931 record has been so drab that the committee had no alternative but to rank him below Vines, Shields, Wood and Lott. How different when Tilden ruled the roost! Seeding Big Bill at number one was a mere formality.

Vines, though beaten four times this summer, won the Seabright and Newport singles from the same competitors now scrambling for the national title. The gawky Pasadena boy is an in-and-outer. On his good days nobody can stop him. A squeamish stomach is Vines's Achilles heel, if you'll pardon the Irish bull. When his digestion goes haywire the Californian suffers from heart flutters and shortness of breath. This accounts for those strange interludes in his play when he slows down to a walk and gives the impression of throwing points.

## The Doubles Champions

JOHN VAN RYN AND WILMER ALLISON have at last won the doubles championship of America. Wimbledon title holders and Davis Cup victors on previous occasions, these well-mated partners had twice been turned back in our national doubles final by combinations which relied on bludgeoning power rather than fluent teamwork.

Even when separated and paired with other partners Allison or Van Ryn have a way of bobbing up on the winning side. The latter, you recall, helped George Lott beat the British Davis Cup pair at Paris. But why split up so nicely coördinated a combination? By all means let Van Ryn and Allison shoulder the 1932 Davis Cup doubles assignment and gamble on Ellsworth Vines and Frank Shields in the singles. They are the neck or nothing type who might batter down the canny French defense by sheer audacity. Sidney Wood had his chance and fizzled it. George Lott lacks the temperament for Davis Cup play—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he has too much temperament. That's a polite word for temper.

## Ten Goal Men

THE UNMISTAKABLE THWACK of bamboo mallet meeting ball, the distinctive creak of saddle leather, the metallic jingle of stirrup irons, the drumbeat of ponies' hoofs and hoarse shouts of "Get back!" "Leave it to me!" resounding lustily from the Hempstead Plains tell us that another polo season is in full swing.

While no blue-jerseyed invaders from Hurlingham will ride this year in their futile quest for the Westchester Cup against a Meadowbrook big four, international competition isn't lacking. Two teams from the Argentine are now testing their horsemanship and mallet skill against four American combinations in the national open polo championship which began last Wednesday on the tradition-steeped, horseshoe-pockmarked Meadowbrook Field. This cosmopolitan flavor is enhanced by the presence of dashing Captain Roark, late of his Majesty's Life Guards, who has just been elevated to the rarefied heights of a ten-goal ranking.

There are only three ten-goal men in polo today. All three will appear at Meadowbrook. Tommy Hitchcock, the still youthful Nonpareil, throws his ten-goal rating on the side of the Whitney-sponsored Greentree team. They really ought to improvise a special twelve-goal class with truculent Tommy as its sole occupant. He is that much better than his next best contemporary. The mighty Milburn, though far from the carpet-slipper stage, has slowed up just enough to forfeit a top handicap rating. Watson Webb and Malcolm Stevenson have likewise been demoted. Winston Guest, raised prematurely to ten-goal status, is now ranked at nine.

The third member of the ten-goal triumvirate, fiery Lewis Lacey, is captaining one of the Argentine sides in the open tournament. Born in Canada, mainstay of several British international teams, Lacey lives in Buenos Aires and speaks Spanish like a native.

Competition should be spirited since the stars have been distributed among the various teams rather than concentrated in one invincible four. Roark is teamed with the Hurricanes, supplementing the brothers Guest and Stephen Sanford. Critics like the chances of this Anglo-American four.

## Visiting Irishman

CHARLES THOMAS IRVINE ROARK, known to his intimates as plain "Pat," has a penchant for bobbing up on victorious teams. It might be fairer to say that his presence makes them winners, though the modest, self-effacing Irishman would disclaim any such inference. Still, Pat can't deny that he has played on three teams which won the United States open title. His defeats have come in forlorn hope crusades for the Westchester Cup. Roark and Lacey, while a pretty fair team in themselves, have been outmanned by America's various big fours. Victory seems to ride on the side that boasts a Tommy Hitchcock.

Pat Roark has an interesting background. He was born with silver spurs on his heels. Son of a hard riding father who followed the hounds with the Belfast hunting set, young Pat grew up on a horse. He was handed a mallet at the age of nine and taught the rudiments of riding off older and heavier rivals. Thus was implanted that profound knowledge of horsemanship and stickwork which has made him one of the great number threes of polo history—the position commonly

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regarded as the most vital on a polo team. While he may yield to some of his contemporaries in stroke technique, nobody handles a horse with quite such deft finesse as this former British cavalry officer.

Roark's grasp of position play is uncanny. Like Hinkey, Yale's shadowy football end, Pat drifts through the *mêlée* like a disembodied spirit to reach the ball. He is always in position. Though impetuous by temperament, Roark has learned to restrain his ardor. He makes no false moves. He conserves energy. He avoids hair-raising downfield dashes unless they are thrust upon him by emergencies. He is a team worker not a show-off.

Tall, flat-hipped, slim waisted, with sharp blue eyes and a trig, hair-brush moustache, Roark satisfies your conception of a cavalryman. He quit army life because service with Poona Horse in India affected his health. He is wiry rather than robust.

Handicap allowances are not conceded in the American open polo event. The teams ride from scratch, no quarter asked or given.

Roark is the one defense man who can keep the exuberant Hitchcock from taking unwarranted liberties with an enemy's goal posts. Tommy has to temper his zeal with a tinge of caution when the cagey Pat is among the opposition.

## ▸▸*Hamlet Without Hamlet*

BEVERLY attendance figures totaled less than half the number of people who saw last year's golf championship at Merion. It wasn't the rainy weather or the business depression that kept the golf fanatics at home. They've repeatedly proven their willingness to take punishment. A little rain doesn't scare them.

No, you'll have to blame the slim galleries on Bobby Jones. He was there but not as a competitor.

The chubby Atlantan reached for a pencil instead of a niblick. He wrote about the shots other golfers were making instead of smacking those sweet-sounding brassies up to the pin.

His absence made things soft for the marshals. The galleries were split four for one, to use a term once heard in Wall Street. No congestion at the tees. No jostling, elbowing mob around the greens. The average golf follower had never even heard of half the present qualifiers.

Youth, shepherded by Francis Ouimet, was in the saddle.

GEORGE TREVOR.

# ▸▸ The Week in Business ◂◂

## ▸▸*Vagaries—Series 24*

NOW that we have skidded past the unlucky 13 and the hoodoo 23, the Vagaries idea appears to be straightened out for a run which we hope will rival that of *Green Pastures*. We therefore report:

1. Effort of European royalty to combat the world depression—Queen Helen of Rumania and Princess Irene of Greece traveling third on an English railroad.

2. Another movement to save on transportation costs, made by an Austrian schoolmaster who walked across the English channel on water skis.

3. Salt water rodeo staged by citizens of the famous whaling town of Welfleet, Massachusetts, who mobilized motor boats and sailing craft to scare away a school of small whales, known to deep-sea fishermen as blackfish.

4. Threat to an important French industry by an American hygienist, who regards lip rouge as dangerous poison and is reported to be starting, by means of motion pictures and other publicity, an active campaign against its use.

## ▸▸*Our Inconsistency*

JOINING Dean Donham, Mooney and Reiley and other articulate observers, Morris L. Ernst comes forward with some keen and discriminating comment on our national tendency to ride off, like Professor Leacock's horseman, rapidly in all directions.

His book is called *America's Primer* (Putnam's, $2) and is dedicated "to Margaret, who has a plan." Margaret, we believe, is a fortunate lady as well as a clever one, for she has something which few of the rest of us, either individually or collectively, possess.

Our national pattern, says Mr. Ernst, is anything but planned. We are a people of confusions; the richest nation in the world, with the longest bread line; a lawless people of Rugged Individualism but easy to join in temporary lockstep by advertising campaigns and snappy slogans. We do lip service to competition and form unions and mergers to defeat it. We are oppressive to minorities and essentially afraid of our foothold on life. We are the most daring of gamblers but timorous of new ideas in government—so much so that we reject any planning of life. It may upset our Basket.

Mr. Ernst's analysis of America and his balance sheet which lists our goods and our bads are most timely as we wander about trying to find the nearest exit from the Valley of Indecision. He sees clearly, and puts his ideas into such forceful and picturesque language that his book will be widely read and discussed. It is even possible that it will lead somebody to do something.

### INDICES

*(A two-minute summary)*

COMMODITY PRICES (Fisher's Index—1926 = 100) September 3—68.9. (Crump's British Index—1926 = 100) September 3—61.5.

CAR LOADINGS (American Railway Assn.). Week ended August 22—748,711 cars (increase of 5,975 over preceding week; reduction of 191,847 under same week of 1930).

STEEL INGOT PRODUCTION. Week ended August 29—31% of capacity (reduction of 1% under preceding week and of 26% under same week of 1930).

CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION. Week ended August 29—daily average gross 1,751,350 barrels (reduction of 856,900 under preceding week and of 710,000 under same week of 1930).

BANK CLEARINGS (as reported to Bradstreet's). Week ended September 3—$6,423,490,000 (increase of 10.6% over preceding week; reduction of 15.1% under same week of 1930).

FAILURES (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.). Week ended September 3—463 (increase of 27 over preceding week and of 127 over same week of 1930).

## ▸▸*Better Buying*

DURING the past week the entire country appears to have decided that the buying of clothing, shoes and supplies could be put off no longer, and the result was seen in a vigorous spurt in both wholesale and retail trade.

In most of the important retail centers special sales were put on. These were so successful, in many cases, that the merchants' shelves were more completely stripped than they have been at any time

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during the past two years. Orders for the replenishment of stock logically followed such a period of brisk sales, and the wholesalers and jobbers are in a much more cheerful frame of mind.

"Women and children first" was the slogan of the new buying movement. The resumption of school activities doubtless accounts for much of the purchasing that was done for the youngsters, and cool weather in many parts of the country stimulated the sales of women's coats, suits and millinery for autumn wear. Judging from the slow sales of men's clothing and shoes, Father is still hesitant about restocking his own wardrobe.

Production made no appreciable gains during the week. Steel slipped back another 1 per cent, and the manufacturing of farm machinery was particularly sluggish. Car loadings improved slightly and bank clearings registered a gain of nearly 11 per cent. The big news of the week was the discovery of the buying public that it cannot go on indefinitely on the basis of a rock-bottom personal inventory. Depression or no depression, we must have clothing and we must eat.

## ▶▶ *Talkies in Industry*

IF THE motion picture public has begun to tire of the sound film, the producers have another card up their sleeve which may give their business a new lease of life—the industrial talkie.

The chief objective of these films is to sell the public on the high quality and reputation of a specific product or service. "Wild Flowers," for example, is a one-reel musical comedy produced for the Studebaker Corporation to bring before the spectator the largest automobile ever built (350% larger than standard size). The Richfield Oil Company has a comedy drama, "Service Wins Again." Transcontinental Air Transport takes prospective passengers for a thrilling trip in "Coast to Coast in 48 Hours."

The talkies are used also by industrial enterprises for educational or inspirational purposes within the organization. Armour & Company recorded a speech by its president and reached 2,500 key salesmen simultaneously at banquets in eleven different cities. American Telephone and Telegraph has an instructional film, "Training Directory Salesmen."

These industrial pictures have a kick in them for everybody. They are directly related to life, which is more than can be said for many of the so-called "feature films" we pay our good money to see and hear.

FRANK A. FALL.

# ▶▶ The Latest Plays ◀◀

THE *Sex Life of the Modern Woman* is what Peter Hammill, professor of something or other in a women's college and winner of an international prize in scholarship, was induced into discussing with his fair charges. But his knowledge of the subject was entirely academic and one of his pupils set out to prove it, on a bet. That is what *Cloudy with Showers*, by Floyd Dell and Thomas Mitchell, started out to be about. However, the bet involved a Ford, the Ford ran into a ditch built as a trap by an enterprising innkeeper, comic gunmen and state troopers appear and what might have been a good comedy turns into a somewhat labored farce. It has, nevertheless, a lot of laughs in it. The authors are also helped out by Cyrena Smith, Adrian Rosley and Victor Killian, to mention them in the order of their appearance on the stage.

I shudder to think what *Cloudy with Showers* might have been in the hands of less talented and charming performers. If the cast of *Young Sinners* had played it, for instance! As it is, apart from its structural weaknesses, it is made into a more than usually entertaining evening in the theatre. To Miss Hartzell is delegated the job of undressing on the stage, getting tight and going to bed with the professor, whereas only a few hours before she had professed herself engaged to be married to a young student, and, believe it or not, she does all those things and gets into an earnest discussion of the facts of life as well, and is still not only attractive but funny. Perhaps the most noteworthy scene in the whole play was one in which she and Mr. Mitchell apparently drank a bottle of champagne between them and didn't get a bit more squiffy than they would have in real life. None of the ridiculous garbling of pronunciation or locomotion to which those scenes almost invariably lead on the stage. Yet they were obviously under the influence.

*Friendship*, by and with George M. Cohan, is another play in which the acting is far superior to the material. I am not one of those who consider Mr. Cohan our finest actor—if only because he always plays the part of George M. Cohan—but of late he has certainly been a much better actor than playwright. According to a program note, *Friendship* is an unusual Cohan play because it was all written before rehearsals began. Nobody seems quite clear as to the state of his mind about any of the subjects discussed and everything is said at least three times. I freely admit that most of us are that way, but I, for one, don't see why we should go to the theatre to hear the kind of talk we hear too much of outside it.

Mr. Cohan is given excellent support by Minor Watson and Robert C. Fischer in particular and the whole company in general. However, the only reason I could discern as to why *Friendship* was unusual in any way is that the author and star gives almost all the laugh lines to Mr. Watson. A very generous gesture, too, and one not often seen on Broadway.

I thought the setting of the first act, representing a love nest "on the East Side, New York," was meant to be funny. When, however, we were shown "Stephen West's Bachelor Apartment" it became evident that the Joseph Wicks Studios, who owned up to having designed the scenery, were in deadly earnest about the whole thing. But neither the sets nor the actors were quite funny enough to make *Friendship* worth wasting much time over.

OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

## Recommended Shows

AFTER TOMORROW: Only a fair play, but well enough acted to make it worth a visit.

GRAND HOTEL: The stage at the National is still revolving merrily.

THE BAND WAGON: Both beautiful and witty with good songs as well.

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET: Katharine Cornell in the home life of poets.

THIRD LITTLE SHOW: I'm told Bee Lillie is funnier than I think she is. Anyway, there's a couple of nice ditties, too.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES: All that the name implies.

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# The New Movies

## *"The Dreyfus Case"*

THE British, who are usually pretty clumsy with their movies, have made an exciting and highly dramatic film of the Dreyfus affair, which very nearly shook the French nation apart between 1894 and 1906. The film violates all of Hollywood's golden rules. It has no love interest. It has no lovely young girl with flawless dental work or young man with machine-made features. Its central character is an elderly and baldish French artillery officer with droopy whiskers and pince-nez glasses. He is accused of high treason. The villainous Esterházy shifts his own guilt upon him because Dreyfus is the only Jew in that branch of the service. Captain Dreyfus is publicly degraded in the presence of his brother officers and his sword broken and thrown on the ground.

Then begins a fight very similar to our own arguments over the Sacco-Vanzetti and Billings-Mooney trials. Half of France thinks him guilty, the other half innocent. Emile Zola (excellently played by George Merritt) joins the faction convinced of Dreyfus' innocence, and, finally, after he has served a term on Devil's Island and another in a French prison, Dreyfus is reinstated and taken back into the army. It is a stirring and unbelievably engrossing record, this *Dreyfus Case*, and one of the most dramatic films seen in this country in months. Shown in Paris last February it caused riots, while in London the French Embassy demanded many eliminations. It was made in London by Sudfilm-British-International in three languages, French, German and English. Dreyfus is played by Cedric Hardwicke.

## *"Alexander Hamilton"*

With considerable regret I must report that George Arliss' newest film is a good deal of a bore, although it features prominently such personages as George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe and others of their generation and importance. Again the Warners have taken one of Mr. Arliss' old stage plays (1917) —an episode in the life of Alexander Hamilton in which his political enemies attempt to blackmail him through a girl with whom he has an affair. None of these characters seem to me to be anything but actors in fancy-dress speaking lines. None of them comes to life, even the charming Mr. Arliss. All are very conscious of the fact that they are portraying famous people. Undoubtedly the film will attract an immense amount of attention, and many will see it as an "historical document." I do not. If Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson and Monroe had been as stupid as they are in this film the United States would never have amounted to anything. As for this incident it is common knowledge that Alexander Hamilton was considerable of a philanderer and, as a matter of fact, his affair with Mrs. Reynolds was of many months duration. In the movie he reassures his wife (Doris Kenyon) that he had never really cared for the other girl and had seen her but once. John Adams once wrote of Alexander Hamilton that he was "a positive menace to the first families of America. . . ."

A serious movement is now under way to teach everything from arithmetic to history with films—which seems to me slightly terrible, for the pictures are sure to be supervised by the local prudes, snoopers, moralists and busybodies—with the result that the pupil will have firmly fixed in his mind at an early age a smug and dreary picture of the world.

### Worth Seeing

BAD GIRL: Vina Delmar's story of a rather timid couple's marriage and first baby. Surprisingly well done.

MIRACLE WOMAN: Barbara Stanwyck as a lady soul-saver with a flowing white robe and a sharp-eyed business manager.

REBOUND: Donald Ogden Stewart's thankfully literate dialogue and an excellent performance by Ina Claire.

SMILING LIEUTENANT: Maurice Chevalier is still struggling with his English—to everyone's delight.

STAR WITNESS: An ordinary family sees a gang murder—and is terrorized into silence. A new sort of gang movie.

STREET SCENE: King Vidor's tense and expertly directed film of Elmer Rice's stage play. Drama in a shabby New York apartment.

TRANSATLANTIC: Mystery-melodrama aboard a big Atlantic liner. Cleverly directed.

WOMEN GO ON FOREVER: Clara Kimball Young makes a comeback as the owner-umpire of a swarming boarding house. Highly dramatic.

## *"Bought"*

It would be futile to notice all of Constance Bennett's movies, for they are all identical. The girl practically lives in her underwear, and nothing else. *Bought* seems to be considerably more false and phoney than her other atrocities. It is often bad enough to be funny in the manner of an old 1890 melodrammer. Men, you know, are all beasts, yes, *beasts!* They invite her out to lunch, but she sticks her nose in the air and answers, "I prefer my books to the men I'm able to meet." Sure enough, we next see her clutching a volume, and at home she has three (3) rows of books on the wall. But then, surprise! Her would-be sugar-daddy sends her a package of books including *The Mind In the Making*. This, says Constance, "will make me well-groomed inside as well as out." The Warners paid Constance Bennett $300,000 for her performance in *Bought*.

## *Special Theatres*

The big companies still cling blindly to the belief that one grade of films shown to vastly differing audiences will make everybody happy, but a few smaller groups are beginning to form special theatre circuits. Already two chains of foreign-language houses are under way, one owned by UFA of Germany, and another by Tobis, representing independent German producers. Tobis, however, will show French films as well as their own. UFA already has houses in New York and Chicago, and will shortly open others in Detroit, St. Louis and Milwaukee. Tobis plans to have nineteen theatres in all, in such additional cities as Boston, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, New Orleans, Cleveland, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

The Trans-Lux chain of newsreel theatres now has four houses in operation, three in New York City and one in Rye, New York. Fox newsreel operates but three special houses, one in New York, another in London and a third in Berlin.

CREIGHTON PEET.

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# The New Books

## Three Novels by Women

THE affairs of the Whiteoaks family of Jalna have worn somewhat thin for this reviewer. The Jalna chronicle is continued in *Finch's Fortune* (Little, Brown, $2.50), Mazo de la Roche's competent and readable story of what Finch did with the money his grandmother left him. The book opens on Finch's twenty-first birthday and a family scene in which the various familiar characters are called onto the stage. Every one expects Finch's fortune to run through his fingers. So it does, but in odd and pleasant ways. Part of it goes into a trip to England with the old uncles, Ernest and Nicholas; and on this trip Finch grows up. The sensitive, warm-hearted, oafish boy, developed by the peace of England and the tumult of first love, comes back to Canada a man, a well established Whiteoak of Jalna, with the new Whiteoak baby named for him. An imaginative child creates a small world and peoples it with families that become more real to him than his own. Lonely in a strange, troublesome world, he makes a world for himself where he knows all the turns and byways. Such a world and such lives Miss de la Roche creates. Her people and her places are real, the incidents of her stories are the incidents of everyday life. Like a child, she loves homely detail. She sees her people with humor and affection, without ironic detachment but still clearly. She touches tragedy with restraint and leaves melodrama alone. Her tempests are in teapots. There is the secret of her popularity. It is comforting to get out of a strange, hideous world into one where everything is as familiar as though one had made it up oneself.

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH, after an interlude of graceful but rather inconsequential stories, returns to the forcefulness and gusto of *Joanna Godden* in her new novel, *Susan Spray* (Harper, $2.50). She does not create a world but an atmosphere. Brilliant as are her studies of character and solid as is her narrative gift, she excels as the poetic interpreter of a particular land and folk. *Susan Spray* is the study of a female evangelist in mid-Victorian England. The setting and the feeling are pure Sussex, old, pagan, half-luscious, half-lean, almost wholly mad. Susan, herself, is part charlatan and part genuine mystic. She does not know herself which she is. Brought up under the weird influence of a small, obscure religious sect and in the starving corn-law days, she lives on an empty stomach and the Old Testament. "The Bible—bits of it were always coming true. It was read only on Sundays, and had all happened long ago, but the fields round Copthoine rustled with the tread of Patriarchs, and the woods were worn in tunnels by angels' wings, and garden gates were closed with fire, and down the heavens traveled lost apocalyptic stars." Susan discovers early the possibilities that lie in religious fervor. It can save her from the punishment she fears, and it can secure her the notice that she craves. Fed by her imagination, the will to power grows in her. She turns everything to account, her passions, her griefs, her sins; and becomes at last the leader and founder (with her third husband) of a religious colony. The rich characterizations of *Susan Spray* are balanced by its convincing picture of a place and period; both are seen with tenderly ironic eyes, and carried into full beauty on a stream of picturesque and poetic prose. An Old Testament flavor finds its way into Miss Kaye-Smith's prose and gives body to what might, without it, be only bitter-sweet charm.

THE real crackle and snap of brilliant modern English prose is in V. Sackville West's witty and lovely fantasy of old age, *All Passion Spent* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), the reading of which has been pure pleasure to this reviewer. Lady Slane, looking back at life from her Hampstead garden; her absurd, engaging friends, Genoux, the French maid, Mr. Bucktrout, the real estate agent who expects the world to end in two years, Mr. Gocheron, the cabinet maker; and her old, forgotten adorer, Mr. Fitz-George, are ancients who "knew everything so well that they could no longer afford to express it save in symbols." Lady Slane has been all things—happy wife and mother, vice-reine in India, Prime Minister's lady in England, beautiful and beloved; but not the thing that she was meant to be—an artist. She looks back from such a distance that the outlines which blur into each other in time and space become distinct in meaning and she sees things and people and happenings as they really are. The book clamors to be quoted, so full is it of truth gracefully or pungently expressed. And it clamors to be read. It reminds this reviewer of a Mozart quartet once heard in a shabby rococo Bavarian theatre; exciting though almost without incident, sad though never touching grief; foolish though very wise, very old and very new.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

## The Week's Reading

**Pan's Parrish**
**By Louise Redfield Peattie**
**Century, $2.00**

High above the mountain village, Fantosque, in Provence, there stands a ruined medieval chapel roofed over with stunted oaks. Once a year only, on St. John's Day, the priest says Mass at its altar. Only once a year can you hear the quick, mysterious voice of its little bell. Strange things have happened near this chapel. Life, which is ordinary enough in the village below, becomes, from time to time, extraordinary, up here above the olive zone. Seventy years ago, in the span of a solitary week, a priest turned suddenly to saint, an unexplained baby came into being, and a fair English lady, wearing a

### *Fiction Worth Reading*

SHADOWS ON THE ROCK, by Willa Cather: Knopf. A charming, sensitive picture of life in Quebec in the days of Frontenac.

THE STORY OF JULIAN, by Susan Ertz: Appleton. Young love and its problems in an English village, by the author of Madame Claire and The Galaxy.

THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER, by Richard Aldington: Doubleday, Doran. The plight of an unattractive maiden in her quest for a husband. This satire hits home so closely that it has been banned in England.

THUNDER BELOW, by Thomas Rourke: Farrar & Rinehart. Several men and one woman in the American colony of a South American town on the edge of the jungle love and alcohol in the Hemingway manner.

HATTER'S CASTLE, by A. J. Cronin: Little, Brown. The story of a brutal Scotchman and how he brought his own life down about his ears.

### NON-FICTION

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND, Anonymous: Liveright. Official Washington irreverently and entertainingly exposed. The Congressional Library's present most popular book.

MAN'S OWN SHOW: CIVILIZATION, by George A. Dorsey: Harper. An outline of almost everything.

LIVING PHILOSOPHIES, A SYMPOSIUM: Simon & Schuster. The personal credos of some of the world's foremost thinkers.

MOST WOMEN, by Alec Waugh: Farrar & Rinehart. Anecdotes and impressions suggested by the author's wanderings in many countries.

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violet-sprigged dress, vanished forever. The people of Fantosque found much to say, as they fetched their water or stood by their doors, about these mercurial miracles. The priest, of course, had climbed bare-headed a far distance in the burning sun. The baby, it was true, appeared on the day after a young pregnant girl whom every one had known was found dead near the chapel. As for Lady Amabel, no one could truly say that she had been seen, yet there was a shepherd up there in the mountains who had taken to himself a wife. These things the people of Fantosque agreed upon. But, somehow, there lurked beneath the incidents a quality which they could not fathom. They themselves had not seen a certain figure, lounging in the hills, whose body gleamed half-naked, whose eyes were golden under lazy lids, whose nose flared goat-like into upward curves. And even if they had seen him, they would not have held him accountable. Thus Pan, elusive, shimmering, lights up the exotic pages of the book. Through her tranquil flow of words, the author presents you beauty. Beauty, she seems to say, is a delicate creature, not to be decked in flagrant style nor thrust too boldly forward, but to be handled warily. In *Pan's Parish*, a warm fancy is perfectly wedded to restraint.

VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

**John Henry**
**By Roark Bradford**
**Harper, $2.50**

Penthouse Negrophils will not bow and scrape before this book as they did before Bradford's *Ol' King David* and his *Ol' Man Adam* on which Marc Connelly based that incomparable American play, *The Green Pastures*. Those two books displayed, with remarkable insight and feeling, the Negro's conception of the Bible; *John Henry* displays the Negro's conception of a Negro, something about which one hardly sentimentalizes. This distinction, of course, has nothing to do with the worth of *John Henry*. It flows with the same excellent rhythm; it reeks with the same understanding. It is, in a word, good—a valuable addition to our Aframericana.

Some one has said that in the legends of the N'Awlins country John Henry is to the Negro what Hercules was to the Greeks—i. e., what a Mr. Hoover was to the American electorate of 1928. But John Henry is more than a legended Beowulf. He was born weighing 44 pounds, kicking the slats out of his bed, demanding his supper—"ain't I as good as de dogs?"—of four ham bones, a pot full of cabbage, corn pone and potliker, a bait of turnip greens tree-top tall and so on. His feats were not cleaning stables but exaggeratedly powerful performances of the Mississippi Negro's humdrum tasks. To John Henry a day's work was always in terms of thousands —such as a thousand bales of cotton rousted onto the *Big Jim Lee* or a thousand miles of track laid for the Yellow Dog railroad. In the Negro's creation of this John Henry, however, lies not only the Negro's proverbial exaggeration but his dream of himself as cutting a great figure. Blessings on Roark Bradford for giving us *John Henry*, its dozens of work-a-day songs and, not to be forgotten, a chance for more excellent woodcuts by J. J. Lankes.

DON WHARTON.

**Coconut Oil**
**By Corey Ford**
**Brewer, Warren & Putnam, $2.50**

June Triplett, whose amazing story of the good old days when she used to lie about her father's boat was told in *Salt Water Taffy*, has once more burst into print. This time she describes her adventurous *safari* into Darkest Africa in a zealous effort to see life in the raw, to learn "why everything in nature comes in pairs like military brushes, or trousers" and as Dr. Traprock himself says, to bring back an African book to end African books.

Corey Ford is undoubtedly one of the masters of polite and not-so-polite kidding, and in *Coconut Oil* he parodies several of the head and publicity hunters whose African exploits have become so familiar through books, movies and the Sunday supplements. Accordingly, June's various adventures lead her into perilous lion hunts and the cannibal country; she is captured by a gorilla (Harry Ape) and makes a study of African Black Magic. She sets down at great length the necessary information as to the choice of costume suitable for the jungle, and what milady should wear when posing on an animal's head. She also prescribes a complete vanity outfit, for, she declares, "It is this type of preparedness which the lady-explorer in Africa must cultivate if she desires to survive the cruel struggle for existence amid the rotogravure sections today."

All nonsense becomes thin if stretched too far, and 200-odd pages cannot all be consistently funny. Corey Ford is at his best when he deliberately burlesques; at other times he is occasionally just silly. Not the least of *Coconut Oil's* features are the amazing photographs of celebrities daringly photographed with African wild life in what we have come to recognize as the accepted manner. And, if you can stand puns, some of the captions are hilarious.

**Liberty and Restraint**
**By Louis Le Fevre**
**Knopf, $3.50**

The history of liberty has been, largely, the history of its restraint, and Mr. Le Fevre has made an ex-


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tensive and dispassionate study of these parallel phenomena. It is almost a byword that the ideal of liberty grows strongest upon a diet of repression, but it is not as widely recognized that while the ideal does not perish, the people so restrained do. An examination of history such as is incorporated in Mr. Le Fevre's book reveals a preponderating mass of evidence to support his last proposition. From those primitive races that became extinct, such as the Tasmanians and the American Indians, to the modern examples of a people under restraint, such as the Hawaiians and the Haitians, the record is one of constant decline in population and loss in spirit in the quality of national energy. The problem is not merely one of enslavement or cruelty, for even where the governing race is actuated by genuine kindness the results are ruinous, so long as the governed race is deprived of its liberty. Such a supposedly beneficial change, for instance, as the forced abolishing of head-hunting, pierced so deeply into the religious and ceremonial lives of the people involved that they lost all interest in life and declined in vigor and numbers. This psychological factor is of tremendous import, and Mr. Le Fevre makes an excellent exposition of it. He has, too, carried his work forward to the prevalent examples of restraint: government by dictatorship, and the imposition of unpopular laws (Prohibition) by an over-regulative democratic government. The book is rich both in fact and in ideas.

N. L. Rothman.

**Thunder Below**
**By Thomas Rourke**
**Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50**

The danger of stringing out row after row of flat little sentences epitomizing psychological dilemmas is that, unless you happen to be Mr. Hemingway himself, they do not seem to come alive. Danger lurks, too, in showering your story with unlimited alcoholic bouts, because, apparently, only Mr. Hemingway can make the second and the tenth drinks as dramatic as the first. So Mr. Rourke's account of a small colony of Anglo-Saxons, immured in a town on the skirts of the South American jungle, has scarcely a voice of its own. Walt, the blind but efficient boss, possesses a luscious wife with whom his best friend falls sinfully and, in a none too submerged way, urgently, in love. The lady, Susan, nourishes a like feeling. While the other young men disport themselves with the high yellow *senoritas* available, Kenneth, not quite a traitor yet, spends his evenings in drunken contemplation of Susan's mouth. There comes, at last, a moment when it seems feasible to these two to consummate their affections. But after the initial steps, Kenneth finds himself unaccountably foiled. He leaves his love abruptly and soon thereafter escapes into the jungle. A natural catastrophe ends a situation which, otherwise, Mr. Rourke might have found it impossible to solve. The local color in *Thunder Below* has much of the vitality which the story itself lacks. Surveying a mesa beyond the jungle, week-ending by coral reefs, and goat-hunting on a strange island, these adventures the author copes with most effectively. But the love story, straining to be inarticulate and restrained, sounds like a furtive echo of reality.

Virgilia Peterson Ross.

**Creative Criticism and other Essays**
**By J. E. Spingarn**
**Harcourt, Brace, $2.00**

The twelve papers that round out the 221 pages of this uniquely dignified and humanely erudite volume have all appeared in other places and for other audiences. Since each of them was either out of print, or had been printed in magazines where moths may corrupt but thieves do not break in to read, there was the soundest of reason for collecting them and reissuing them in uniform type. One of them, "The New Criticism," represents the highest that American scholarship has to display, while all the others are so many attacks on the mean and shoddy, especially when these get a hearing through political protection; for there is politics in the arts as well as in their opposing arena. Mr. Spingarn says, with his traditional neatness, that the essays "have been preserved so long by their detractors." The trouble lay in the fact that his detractors were also his inferiors and therefore their own malefactors. When, in "The New Criticism," Mr. Spingarn lined up all his paragraphs with the initial statement, "We have done with, etc.," the small of mind fancied that he was advocating the chauffeur type of critic, the one who would presume to guide the chariot of poesy without knowing how it was constructed. He was, rather, insisting that the whole is the thing, the parts being so much dunnage. With perfect but killing refinement, Dr. Spingarn wages war on the journalist who writes superficially about everything and the professor who writes pedantically about nothing. He makes a plea for the things of the spirit as opposed to the idols of the marketplace. In view of his vast knowledge of German, it is somewhat surprising that he never quotes Novalis on the first nor "Faust" on the rights of the critic to judge what he himself did not and could not write. The man is not infrequently wrong, as when he says that bridge building has nothing to do with Esperanto, but in the main he is

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so utterly right that no one should dream of writing anything, from a book review to a history of a gentleman, without first reading this book, more apposite now than when the papers first appeared. But as is always the case with great books, he should, directly in opposition to Spingarn's thesis, first familiarize himself with the author's antecedents.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

## Behind the Blurbs

**Sleuths**
**Ed. by Kenneth MacGowan**
**Harcourt Brace, $3.00**

Here is one adventure of each of 23 well known fiction detectives, from Lupin to Lord Peter Wimsey. At the beginning of each story is a Who's Who of the hero, made up in most cases by the author. The editor has been obliged to omit those sleuths who—like Charlie Chan, Col. Gore and Inspector French—have never appeared in short stories. Nevertheless the collection is representative, and may introduce you to a number of human bloodhounds with whom you are not acquainted.

**Pretty Pictures**
**By O. Soglow**
**Farrar and Rinehart, $2.00**

A number of Mr. Soglow's very funny drawings, which you are probably familiar with in the New Yorker and Judge, are collected in this volume. The simpler Mr. Soglow's work is, the less obvious it is. When he draws a strip, the last of the series has always the effect of the extra step at the foot of the staircase that you didn't know was there. Some of these pictures have never appeared in magazines.

**The Romance of Modern First Editions**
**By Henry de Halsalle**
**Lippincott, $2.50**

Collecting first editions for profit is a fascinating game. Perhaps in this book cash value is emphasized a little too strongly for, after all, unless you collect books primarily because you have an interest in their contents, you're not really getting much out of it. But Mr. de Halsalle gives many entertaining anecdotes, and much good advice to beginning collectors, as to what kinds of books to watch for, and what authors may be expected to advance in price. Watch the Victorians, he says. Tennyson and Browning, Meredith and Swinburne are coming back. Neglected for many years, "firsts" which may now be had for a dollar or two will in a few years be worth many times what you paid for them. While American authors receive some attention, this is an English book, and the vast field of Americana, which offers so many fascinating possibilities to collectors, is entirely neglected.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

# Music

## *Notable New Recordings*

UNTIL the major companies finally issue commercially long playing records there can, obviously, never be a completely satisfactory recording of Ravel's *Bolero* or his *Valse*. Both of these pieces depend largely for their effect on an uninterrupted rhythm which makes the auditors long for release from its toils at the same time that they are fascinated by it. Stopping and turning over the records necessarily destroys much of their effectiveness. However, both compositions are so popular that they continue to be recorded by various conductors. The *Valse* is now accorded two new treatments, by Albert Wolff and the Lamoureux Orchestra[1], and by Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony[2]. The latter records are not yet on the market, but will be soon, and I feel I must mention them because, while Wolff's interpretation is far superior to the earlier Gaubert and Coates versions, it is, to my mind, not as good, either from the standpoint of recording or execution, as Koussevitsky's. Another reason for waiting to hear the Boston Symphony rendition is that they get it on three sides instead of four and fill up the odd side with Debussy's delightful *Danse*, as orchestrated by Ravel. It will be in the October Victor release.

We have been waiting some time for a satisfactory Beethoven *Ninth Symphony* and it is a pleasure to report that Brunswick have at last made one available in this country. It is played by the Berlin State Opera Orchestra, conducted by Oscar Fried, and sung by the Bruno Kittel Choir, with Lotte Leonard, Jenny Sonnenberg, Eugen Transky and Wilhelm Guttmann as soloists[3]. The playing is not "inspired" in the manner of Koussevitsky or Toscanini, but it is definitely first class and the recording is excellent.

In the July 15th issue I wrote of the Linguaphone method and stated that there was no Linguaphone Institute in this country. I was misinformed. There is one at 10 East 43rd Street, New York City.

O. C.-T.

1. Brunswick, 90186/7.
2. Victor, 7413/4.
3. Brunswick, Set No. 31.


# *Writing*

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*Why don't you write?*


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# Prose and Worse

CAPTAIN Aeneas B. Hooker has not yet replied to our last letter. But in the meantime, though we can only look with horror upon such an example of plagiarism as the Captain has furnished us with, we are forced in fairness to make the statement that he is by no means a stranger to us, but an old friend whose infrequent visits to New York we look forward to with much pleasure. We have spent many long evenings listening to his tales of adventure, hair-raising personal experiences in the wilder corners of the earth which will some day be incorporated in the Memoirs upon which he has been working for many years. He is a born story teller, in the best sense of the word. Not a raconteur, he insists. That word, he feels, suggests something retold—"and none of my stories has ever been told before, anywhere," he adds.

As a rule Hooker's stories are immensely long and involved, a series rather like the Arabian Nights, each one leading imperceptibly into half a dozen others, then winding about, turning back upon themselves, and then after picking up threads dropped several evenings back branching out again in entirely new directions. One thing never varies. The central figure is always, as it should be, Hooker.

The length of his stories precludes our setting them down here. But occasionally there is one that stands out by itself, and these from time to time we shall repeat for you. As for instance the curious tale of the fountain, which follows.

"Many years ago," said Hooker, "I was staying for a time in a city—I do not remember its name—which had stood for many centuries at the junction of several of the most important caravan routes in Asia. It was a very opulent city, with many beautiful public gardens, a great variety of inns and places of entertainment, and vast bazaars not to be matched elsewhere in the East. I had no wish to leave this city, but affairs on the other side of the world were calling me away, and there came at length the evening which was to be my last. I was walking with a friend, a merchant in whose home I had been welcome during my stay, and I was telling him that I did not wish to go, and that I could hope for myself nothing better than to live out the rest of my days in these shady and well planned gardens.

" 'Come with me,' said my friend, 'and I will show you something,' and he led me across a square and down a wide street to the windowless wall of a huge house at the foot of which was a great stone basin into which water gushed from a sort of tiger-headed gargoyle that overhung the rim. On the wall above the basin was an inscription in letters that were unfamiliar to me, and as I watched, several passers-by stopped and cast small objects into the water.

" 'The inscription,' said my friend, 'says that whoever casts a coin into the fountain will return again to the city. It has been the custom of travelers for many years to pay this small tribute in hope of return.'

"I brought out my purse. 'And of what value should the coin be?' I asked.

" 'It does not matter,' he replied, 'Though without doubt gold would be more pleasing than copper to the tutelary deity who presides over these waters.'

"I took out a coin and dropped it in the water. As I did so, two men in rich robes of the fashion worn by men of that city came up, and after many profound salaams to the gargoyle emptied heavy purses into the fountain. The gold coins fell flashing and were swallowed up.

" 'Those were no strangers,' said I. 'And the sums they have offered—'

" 'Were no larger,' said my friend, 'than those customarily brought here by citizens of wealth who wish by placating this deity to increase their power and prestige in the city. It seems strange, no doubt, to you who worship other gods, but I can assure you that by some mysterious and no doubt supernatural means high office and great wealth invariably reward those whose offerings are the richest. And those who seek to cheat the deity with slugs of lead or other base metal are, curiously enough, as invariably the victims of some slight mischance.'

"Hastily I took another coin from my purse and dropped it in the water. 'And how deep is this fountain?' I asked.

" 'It is said to be bottomless.'

"Now I was not wholly satisfied with the replies my friend had given me, so that evening, very late, I returned to the neighborhood of the fountain. When the last revellers had passed through the street I swiftly stripped off my clothes and plunged into the stone basin. As I had thought, it was no more than two fathoms in depth, funnel shaped at the bottom, and ending in what my fingers assured me was a pipe that curved downward beneath the adjoining house wall.

"The next morning I presented myself at the door of the house against whose wall the fountain was built, and asked for the master, who, I had learned, though neither a merchant nor an official, was both extremely wealthy and highly influential. He received me courteously, and was kind enough to say that he had heard of my presence in the city and was glad to make my acquaintance.

"We talked for a time, and I at last brought the conversation around to the fountain. I praised the piety of those who made offerings there, and spoke of the picturesqueness of the custom. 'But,' I said, 'such a fine old custom is to certain minds only a superstition which is better demolished. Moreover, during the years many coins have been cast into the basin. Have no voices ever been raised to question what becomes of all this gold?'

"He looked at me sharply and smiled. 'Living as close as I do to the fountain,' he replied, 'I have felt some responsibility for the preservation of tradition. There is a small lattice concealed by vines overlooking the fountain, and I sometimes set a guard there, or watch myself, to see that no over-sacrilegious act shall anger our tutelary deity. Only *one* such act'—and again he looked sharply at me—'have I observed in several years. The reason for this is clear. This deity is a jealous deity, quick to reward and quick to punish. Moreover, belief in his powers and the efficacy of offerings has become so well established as to be incontrovertible in the minds of the people. He who should attempt to replace this old idea with a new one would be received with laughter and, if he persisted, with blows.'

" 'Or even with the vengeance of the possibly existent deity,' said I.

" 'That is even more likely,' he said.

"WE TALKED for a time of other things, and I praised the beauties of the city's buildings and gardens, which as I had heard were due largely to his open-handed generosity. And then as I rose to go, I said: 'I too have made an offering in the fountain, in the hope that I may return.'

" 'Indeed, I hope that you may,' he replied. 'I should welcome the return of such a man as you. There is wealth and power here for the grasping, as you, better than most men, realize. Always supposing, of course, that the tutelary deity of the city is favorable.'

" 'To render him so,' said I, 'should be my first task.'

"But," said Hooker as he concluded his story, "I never went back. I will not share the spoils with a tutelary deity. And after all, he is running things very well."

WALTER R. BROOKS.

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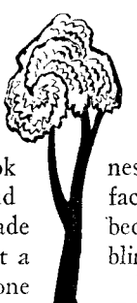
# From the Life

## *Blind*

If we try to follow him in imagination it will be difficult; like following a man who has died and slips the flesh to find himself in a world of no appearance whatever. For it must have seemed to him at first that life was over.

He was a young man at the time and taking life pretty much for granted. Why not? He had a good body and a good mind. He had been born in a country of opportunity, and of a complacent class that has discovered the paying advantage of ideals. A good home, a serious education, ambition and hard work; all these led inevitably to an early success—the founding of his own business—and a happy marriage.



This was the picture of life that had been held up to him from youth. It was a pleasant picture to look at and he could feel modestly proud that in his twenties he had already made it his. He was rather like a child at a movie, content to look; certain that one agreeable picture would follow another so long as he was a good boy. Then the lights went out. He found himself alone in the dark, in an unknown building and surrounded by strangers.

That is about what happened when the tree fell. It was as simple as that. As astonishing as that. For who is ever warned to look out for falling trees? He never knew. But when they dragged him out they found it was his spine that had been struck, and his optic nerve that was affected. And then that he was blind.

There he was in the strange house that was himself; in a new world, with nothing to look at. Where was he going now with his life and what did he want of it? Who was this person shut up secretly in the dark? He must find out somehow.

That was how his life of blindness began, that was to balance in time his life of sight. Like a baby beginning to walk he learned to move inside the strange dark house. He learned gradually to perceive—but not a table or a building or a landscape; he found himself looking at a feeling, looking at the sound of a voice, and at the heartbreak or the lie behind it; looking at a strange wind that blew upon himself and other people and that he learned to call vaguely the spirit.

After a while words came to have different meanings for him and, although he scarcely knew it, after a few years the dictionary would have puzzled him. Beauty was no longer a face, a colour or a proportion; it was an emotion that caught him like a flame, warming or consuming him. He saw strength not so much as muscle or achievement but as a certain knowledge and measured use of himself. Life itself had stopped meaning activity and getting on; was no longer limited to himself even. Life breathed through him and owned him, beating in his heart and brain and in the air and creatures around him; it moved and was timeless.

Then after thirty years his sight came back to him. The solid world full of colour and confusion burst outrageously upon his attention, and slowly once more he began to see. He saw that for thirty years, while he had been learning to live, the world had been perishing. Furniture, houses, streets had crumbled or disappeared.

He turned to his own house. Here at least everything was living. Here were the results of his business. All around him were the visible facts which he knew would be there because they had lived as ideas in his blindness.

But especially, here was his wife. Thirty years ago he had carried her face, young and lovely, with him into darkness. And there he had learned to see her, day after day, as she really was. Unconsciously, the memory of her face had changed in his mind with the knowledge of her thoughts, of what she felt, of the invisible, wordless beauties she struggled after, which in his sightlessness he had learned to perceive. If he had been told that this vision of his wife's face was younger and more beautiful than he had ever seen her with his eyes, he would not have believed it.

So when sight came back to him, when holding tightly to her hands, he looked again at the face he had not seen in thirty years, he saw a stranger. An old woman with a wrinkled face and white hair, her eyes full of tears, watched him anxiously for recognition.

He looked at her long and unbelievingly. He rose and walking to a mirror stared in the glass at the reflection of an old man.

"Do I look so old to you?" she whispered behind him. "Is this how you imagined it would be?"

He closed his eyes before he tried to tell her; he closed his eyes in order to see a living world once more—himself, as he knew himself to be—his wife.

"I have seen you always," he told her then, "as young and lovely. These things—" and he touched his own face, his hair—"I had forgotten could exist." And as he spoke he knew at last that, blind, he had seen the truth.

Ibby Hall.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# Welcome to the Next War

(Continued from Page 82)

they had not cheated us the United States might not have got into the war on precisely the terms it did. It is not possible to say what the effect might have been. The censors and the propagandists were doing their duties by their country just as the censors and propagandists of all other countries will be doing their duties by their countries in the next war. The United States began as a fairly neutral country, but it shifted fast. The Allied censors and propagandists took us like a stolen car.

I made a visit home and on my return the ship on which I sailed was held up by a British cruiser at the mouth of New York harbor. It might have been outside the three-mile limit and, therefore, inside the technicalities of the law, but it looked more like the thirty-yard line to me. When I say we were held up I mean just that. The ensign in command of the boarding party was as courteous to us as an old-time slaver might have been to an undersized boy from Guinea. We were barked at and pushed around until the blood of Concord and Lexington rose in my throat—and was swallowed again.

"I will write the story of this outrage," I said.

So I did. But if it ever got into print I was never able to find it. The United States had been taken over, British generals were telling us what to do, French generals were being impertinent in the White House, and the American army staff was still playing with feather fans. The editors who refused to print that story were right and I was wrong. Propaganda had switched us so that we only saw one side of the question, which is what propaganda is for.

But, meantime, we Americans have learned the trick. We are not really dumb, you know—only in 1914 we were unsophisticated and a trifle slow. We knew no more about censorship then than we do of whistling buoys in the Milky Way. We believed everything that was told us, from the tales of Bavarians cutting off the fingers of little girls to that of the rendering factory that made soap of expended Prussians. No doubt it was all for the best and no doubt, also, it is to be regretted that we did not believe earlier and harder so that we might have come to the rescue of the Allies a year sooner at a more considerable cost to ourselves and at a considerable saving to them. I prefer not to debate this point. But I wish to emphasize this—we discovered what can be done with propaganda. This may prove rather tough for every one in the next war.

Herbert Bayard Swope told the War Plans Committee at Washington and through it the world that we now know what to do. We are all set to do it first, too, which is very important. The next time our national effort will not be hampered by any honest reporters—not by me, anyhow. We will have Hate Schools in every roadside church. We will tell all the lies possible to injure the enemy and aid our own cause, and quite rightly. The other side will be doing it too. Old-fashioned chivalry is as much out of fashion as the Julian calendar.

Then watch my millions of pretty nearly fit veterans get into action—on both sides, of course, if the next war is as pleasantly broad-minded as it should be if the house of cards in Europe tumbles down. They know how to start hating early. We should get a six months' start on our temperatures, as compared to the World War. Yet we were fairly good in that affair, when you stop to think that most Americans did not care one negligible whoop for the causes of the war and had only come to France for the ride. I remember one night in the hospital cavern at Cheppy after a day of rather heavy losses. A major friend had told me of the day's fighting. He had gone in with seven hundred men and two hundred came out.

"We had been ordered to take some machine gun posts," he said. "But we could not. The Germans had laid their guns on the crest of the hill and if one of our men stuck up his head it was knocked off."

All day long they had hung under the crest of the hill. Then the fog came.

"It grew thicker," said the major, "until at last I could hardly see the man at my elbow. I had the whistle at my lips, ready to sound the advance, but the boys did not wait for me. I heard them speak to each other in that hell-pierced fog:

" 'They can't see us now. Let's go.'

"They went forward into that black mist, what was left of seven hundred of them. They got across the ridge because the Germans could not see them and down into the valley. We speared every man at his gun."

I told that story in the hospital cavern. On one of the bunks was a middle-aged German who was dying. He was the baldest man I have ever seen and his nude body was the color of old ivory. When the pains gripped him he would writhe up screaming, and a little forage cap with which he had been trying to hide his shameless naked head would fall off and the screaming, guttering man would paw around on the gray blankets to find it that he might jam it back on his grim skull. There were nurses there and a Red Cross girl or two, working with our dying men. They looked at that dying German trying to keep his forage cap on his bald skull—and laughed. Time after time, paroxysm after paroxysm, that frightful parody of bashfulness was repeated. Always the girls laughed. There is a fine hardening quality in hate. Now we know the trick.

IT WOULD not take so very long to shake the fat off the millions of veterans either. They would suffer, of course, but not as they suffered thirteen years ago. They know how to take care of themselves now. Some have their eyes on easy jobs and some will bloom overnight as non-coms and others will find themselves in the commissioned rank. They got a fairly liberal education the last time out, even if not all of them got to France. They will be, fat as they are and soft as they are and much older as they are, a fine framework for a new army and they know it. Every one of them will be a hero to the kids who come in and every one will like that—while those who are unfit will be sure of work at wartime wages. Today they are sure of little indeed.

No one wants war, of course. It is cruel to suggest that any one wants war. I am not sure that it is not slanderous. But if war should come it will have a more enthusiastic public than most folks suspect.

## Through a Glass Darkly

*From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of September 5, 1951*

"The Meteoric Fad," an article in the September, 1951, issue of *Mind*, mentions, among other fads: Archery, Free Silver, the pompadour, R. P. Hobson the Hero, the spit curl, Tom Thumb golf, the Empress Eugénie derby, and (again) archery.

The National Association of Toothpick Manufacturers was publicly accused last week by the East-West Feature Syndicate of offering a bribe to Mrs. Priscilla Vandercolfax, who conducts the widely syndicated column, "Correct Social Usage." "Until the best people actually place toothpicks on their dinner tables," said the social arbiter, "nothing in the world can make me recommend them."

Miss Euphemia Blue, editor of the *Parents' Weekly*, noting the increasing number of air accidents caused by unlicensed pilots, said: "Parental discipline should be strong enough to prevent the 12-year-old from joy-riding in one of the family planes."

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# Roosevelt: A Biography

(*Continued from Page* 79)

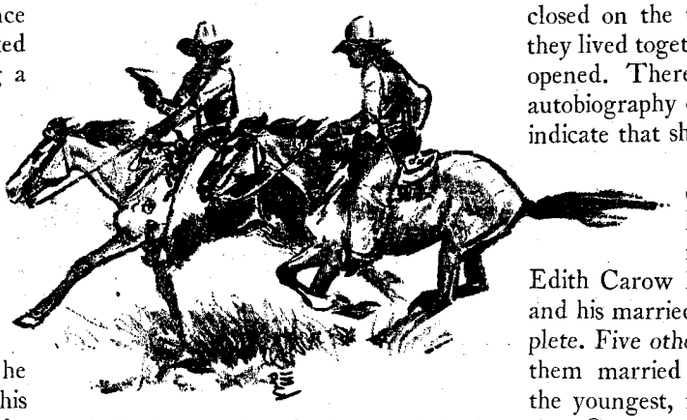
Just before they took the train, good news arrived. A girl had been born late on Tuesday night, February 12; the doctors said that Alice had survived the ordeal well. So the journey back to New York was made in high spirits. They reached New York on Wednesday evening, glad that the period of suspense was over and wondering whether Theodore had yet arrived from Albany. Details of reaching New York that evening, quite unnoticed at the time, always remained etched on the minds of Corinne Robinson and her husband. They remembered that fog hung over the Hudson River that night, and that the ferry which brought them from New Jersey was delayed because of it. They went uptown on an Elevated railway train and, since there was no reason to hurry, walked from the station to the house. Seeing a light in the window on the third floor, Mrs. Robinson again gave thanks that the baby had been born and that Alice's suffering was behind her. Then she went up the steps. The door opened. Mrs. Robinson saw her brother, Elliott, standing in the doorway, and knew from his face that something was wrong.

"If you want to see your baby," he said, "do so before you come into this house. He is over at your Aunt Grace's. There is a curse on this house! Mother is dying, and Alice is dying too."

It was then about 10:30. An hour later Roosevelt came in, having been told only that a daughter had been born and having left the Assembly chamber in the midst of effusive, good-natured congratulations. He found his wife barely able to recognize him, and all that night, save for one brief moment, he sat at the head of the bed and held her in his arms. Just before 3 o'clock in the morning his mother, who had developed typhoid fever, died and Theodore, standing by her bed, echoed the words of his brother: "There *is* a curse on this house." Then he went back upstairs. Dawn dragged into the next day. At 2 o'clock on February 14, 1884, her body weakened by Bright's disease, Alice died. A year later Roosevelt wrote:

She was born at Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, on July 29, 1861; I first saw her on October 18, 1878, and loved her as soon as I saw her sweet, fair, young face; we were betrothed on January 25, 1880, and married on October 27th, of the same year; we spent three years of happiness such as rarely comes to man or woman; on February 12, 1884, her baby girl was born; she kissed it, and seemed perfectly well; some hours afterward she, not knowing that she was in the slightest danger, but thinking only that she was falling into a sleep, became insensible, and died at two o'clock on Thursday afternoon, February 14, 1884, at 6 West Fifty-seventh Street, in New York; she was buried two days afterward, in Greenwood Cemetery.

She was beautiful in face and form, and lovelier still in spirit; as a flower she grew, and as a fair young flower she died. Her life had been always in the sunshine; there had never come to her a single great sorrow; and none ever knew her who did not love and revere her for her bright, sunny temper and her saintly unselfishness. Fair, pure and joyous as a maiden; loving, tender and happy as a young wife; when she had just become a mother, when her life seemed to be but just begun, and when the years seemed so bright before her—then, by a strange and terrible fate, death came to her.



And when my heart's dearest died, the light went from my life for ever.

On Saturday morning, February 16, two hearses moved side by side from the home in Fifty-seventh street to the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-third street. Two rosewood coffins were carried in. The Rev. Dr. John Hall, who had been the family minister for years, could barely control himself as he made a brief address. One of the two women had done her work, he said, but the other was young. It seemed strange that she had been taken away. But Jesus was the Resurrection and the Life. Then he prayed for the husband and the little baby, three days old, and wept. Theodore Roosevelt sat in a front pew, with Elliott Roosevelt, his father-in-law, and his sisters. The twin hearses moved again.

Somehow Roosevelt went on with his work; if proof were needed that he had courage and an iron will this fact would serve. On February 20 he was back at Albany to move for the passage of a reform bill. He stayed there until the end of the legislative session and went to the Republican Convention at Chicago that summer where he saw his opposition to the nomination of James G. Blaine fail. Then he fled to the quiet of the Bad Lands. At Albany, Assembly Hunt remembered, "you could not talk to him about it . . . . you could see at once that it was a grief too deep . . . . There was a sadness about his face that he never had before . . . . He did not want anybody to sympathize with him . . . . He hiked away to the wilderness to get away from the world . . . . He went out there a broken-hearted man."

While he was in the West, Roosevelt wrote a memorial to his wife and mother, brief but deeply moving, which was printed in a limited edition and circulated among relatives and close friends. Roosevelt saw the relatives of his first wife whenever he was in Boston and the daughter, who became Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, frequently visited them. But if Alice Lee, whom he met on that October day in 1878, was ever mentioned, there is no record of it. A door was closed on the three years during which they lived together, a door that was never opened. There is not a word in the autobiography of Theodore Roosevelt to indicate that she had existed.

In time he may have doubted that she had. In December of 1886 he was married again; to the Edith Carow he had known as a child, and his married life was happy and complete. Five other children came. Four of them married and had children. One, the youngest, fell in an airplane behind the German lines. Honors came to Roosevelt; age came also. Only Alice Lee remains young and does not fade. She is forever fair, like the figure on the Grecian urn.

•

**Broken-hearted by the double tragedy in his household, Roosevelt fled to the wilderness of the Bad Lands to try to console himself. But wherever he was, politics followed him: Mayor Grace wanted him to return to New York to become president of the Board of Health. The Dakota newspapers began to boom him for the office of Representative in Congress for the new state. But Roosevelt was deaf to these pleas. He was sad, but not lonely, for the active life of the early West enthralled him. He was a fighter. Now he knocked out a man who insulted him as he passed through a saloon. Again the rumor ran that he was to fight a rifle duel with the Marquis de Mores, a French ranchman and promoter who did not get along with Roosevelt. The next installment is a gripping series of episodes from the active life of a human dynamo that was never still**

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The editors of the Outlook are the sole judges of the contest and are ineligible to compete. All contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.

## Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau

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